

The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

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Contents for June 1936

ON FORGING A WILL TO PEACE.....	Gurchurn Singh	5
Inculcating altruism upon men is slow—but it is the sure way to a warless world.		
WHAT OF THE NEXT 25 YEARS?.....	Henry Ford (as told to S. J. Woolf).....	6
The machine was made to <i>serve</i> , not to <i>save</i> labor—as coming generations will realize.		
SHOULD WE 'BUY NATIONAL'?		
The debate-of-the-month on a problem that deeply concerns all industrial countries.		
Yes!	Francis P. Garvan	10
No!	Sir Charles A. Mander, Bart.	12
'GOT A JOB, MISTER?'	Charles W. Ward	14
An article addressed to June graduates—who soon will be seeking employment.		
SO YOU'D BE AN EXPLORER!	William LaVarre	17
Flute playing, card tricks, and knowing how to scratch flea-bites are essentials.		
ONCE I WAS PRESIDENT	Jesse Rainsford Sprague	20
An "ex" unburdens himself on the mooted subject of how to run a Rotary Club.		
A CONVENTION PREVIEW	Alfred H. McKeown	22
Advance notes on Rotary International's forthcoming gathering at Atlantic City.		
WHERE ORGANIZATION FAILS	Edward Gordon Craig	25
How far dare we go in systematizing that which is spontaneous and creative?		
A MANUFACTURER LOOKS AT COMMERCE	Walter Alfred Olen	30
The world's undeveloped markets hold opportunities to advance civilization.		
A WELCOME TO THE OLYMPICS	Dr. Theodore Lewald	31
A cordial greeting awaits the Rotarian visitor at the Games in Berlin this Summer.		
COURAGE UNDER FIRE—AND WATER		32
Disastrous flood, fire, and tornado didn't break the spirit of these victims.		

Other Features and Departments—

Our Readers' Open Forum (2 and 40); Frontispiece—*Symbol* (4); Paul Harris' South American Trip—pictorial (27); Editorial Comment (28); As the Wheel Turns (34); Rotary Around the World (35); The Rotarian Almanack (38); Rotary Unusals (40); The Hobby-horse Hitching Post (52); Helps for the Program Makers (54); Chats on Contributors (56).

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows a typical Atlantic City Boardwalk scene—a sand-sculptor at work. The artist is Irwin Rendall.

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Photo: Charles Phelps Cushing from Nesmith

Symbol

Sous and francs given by the schoolchildren of France bought the bronze and the skill that were turned into this monumental figure—"Liberty Enlightening the World." It towers over Bedloe's Island, in New York harbor, where it will be seen by hundreds of Rotarians from all parts of the world, drawn to the region by the 27th Annual Convention of Rotary International at Atlantic City, N.J. . . . To them, this statue not only will be commemorative of an up-welling of friendship between one people and another, but also, in a more deeply significant sense, will symbolize the goodwill and understanding which know no geographical barrier.

On Forging a Will to Peace

By Gurchurn Singh

Rotary Club of Penang, Straits Settlements

WHILE science has brought distant frontiers nearer our own and machinery has knocked the bottom out of old economic theories, we still employ the old terms to think of the problems affecting our relations with our neighbors. "Each individual for himself and the devil take the hindmost" appears to be the order of the day.

But how are we to change this antiquated philosophy of human relationships?

Science has given us answers to many questions of living, yet at the same time has given us command of terrible instruments of extinction which, Frankenstein-like, can destroy the very society which created them. Science has *not* solved the problem of war; indeed, it has intensified a thousand times this world problem.

I once saw a film, one scene of which left an indelible impression on my mind: An old gentleman gave expression to his feelings on war by saying, "When we win a battle, we call it victory and celebrate it gayly; when we lose a battle, we call it murder and invoke the curses of God on our enemies."

This attitude of mind is typical of the majority of mankind.

In individual relationships we at least pay lip sympathy to the principle expressed by the saying, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The old idea of neighbor must be changed in the light of modern conditions and circumstances; for a nation is but an aggregation of individuals, and the world is only an aggregation of nations.

Another effect of the matter-of-fact material tendency of the age is to subdue, if not entirely to destroy, the emotional side of our nature, with the inevitable result that we have become cold and calculating and all our actions pass first through the sieve of selfishness.

It is essential, therefore, that there be a revision of our scale of values, so that we look at human problems from the point of view of humanity as a whole; in other words, the development of a sense of international citizenship with a corresponding sense of obligation to mankind to think and act in terms of

A sense of world citizenship is a need of men today. Rotary has its opportunity in the creation of international good-fellowship.

humanity—man toward man, nation toward nation.

This, of course, depends on our mental attitude toward life and its problems, and we must begin with the individual. It is here that Rotary steps in to help in creating a feeling of international good-fellowship.

Thoughts are our forces. As we think, so we tend to become. I am sure you must have heard this phrase many times; but we seldom stop to think of its implication. A good deal depends on our mental outlook on life; unfortunately, it is not *facts* which govern human actions, but our *belief* in regard to these facts.

We must begin by first shedding our false sense of pride and vanity with the incidental superiority and inferiority complexes, and the false notion that race or nationality can have anything to do with the quality of human relationship. What we are suffering from is a lack of social adjustment and the failure to subordinate material and economic values to human and spiritual ones.

THE world instinctively feels that it is heading for a crash, yet feels powerless to prevent it. We must rediscover the hidden strength of our inner selves and act on the belief that the living souls of men *may* halt the mechanical march of events toward disaster.

We must deeply feel that human will and consciousness will always be strong enough to change institutions which hamper the spirit. Rotary is attempting to act on the present for the future. Not by a series of revolutions forged by conditions, but by creative deeds is it endeavoring to put into every human spirit the dignity it desires.

The task before the world is to create an atmosphere of international goodwill which involves the replacement of the ideology of conflict, whether military or economic, by that of peaceful organization of coöperative effort. Rotary represents the attempt of one group of men to face this task.

What of the Next 25 Years?

By Henry Ford

As told to—and with sketches by—S. J. Woolf

IT IS impossible for me to predict what will happen in the next 25 years. And yet I am perfectly certain of some things that must come.

The changes which have taken place in the last 25 years have all been the beginnings of still greater changes; the progress which has been made in industry, science, and agriculture, startling and epoch-making as it has been, is obviously but a stepping-stone leading to results which would not be difficult to outline if we were not now so occupied and charmed, so to speak, with each day's progress.

So many of us say, "See what we have done!" instead of saying, "See where we are being led!"

Personally, I believe that a quarter of a century from now people will look back at these times in much the same way as we now do at what I might call the stagecoach era of the world's development.

When I was a boy, many craftsmen worked in their own homes. This was not so romantic as some library-minded people have tried to make it appear.

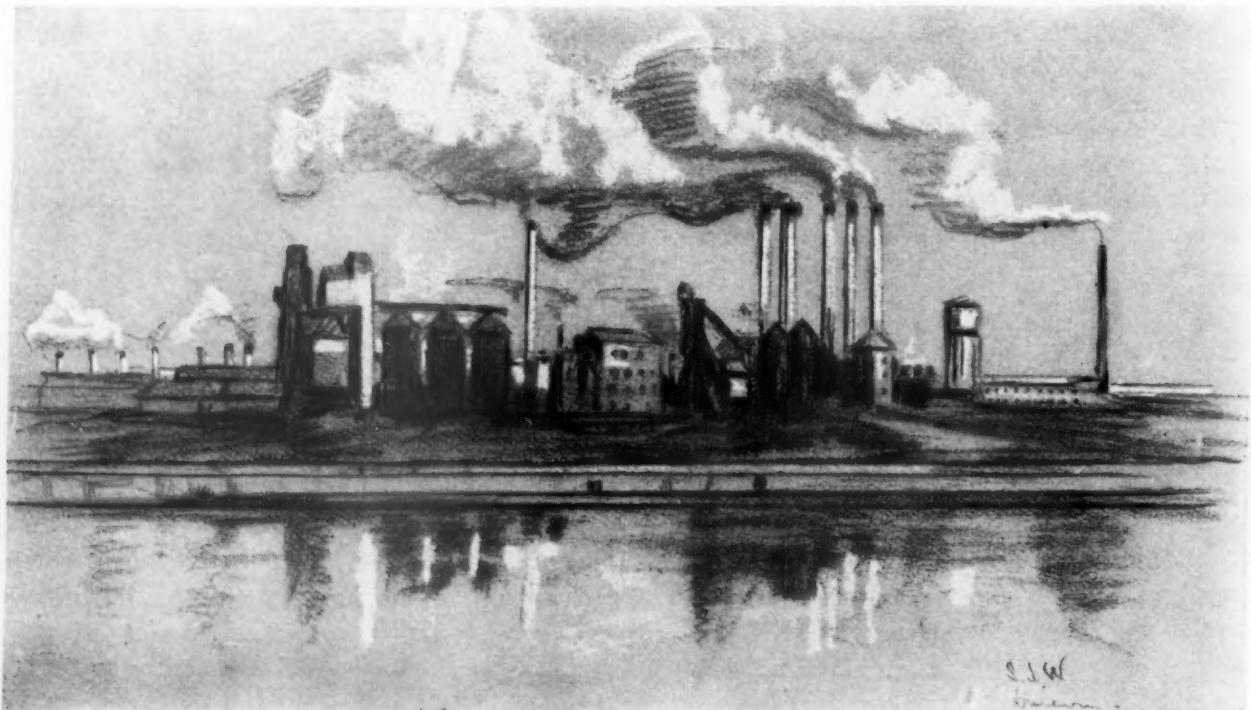
New opportunities and progress will come as men clearly realize that the machine was invented to serve—not to save—human labor.

In comparison with the modern factory, the system of home crafts was a frightful system. Men, women, and children lived in an atmosphere that emphasized the *means* of living; they never for a moment could get away from their work. There was no change of scene, no chance for relaxation, nothing but incessant drudgery. Homes were not homes at all, but very badly managed workshops which housed entire families.

When a man wanted to speak to his neighbor, it meant a walk or drive of miles; telephones were unknown; and as for radio or airplanes, anyone who had been able even to imagine them would have been accused of drawing upon the miraculous. Even to have suggested that some day horses would be largely displaced by automobiles would have brought forth much scoffing and ridicule.

Then some people came along with the idea that

The famous River Rouge plant of the Ford Motor Company. . . . "Every hour we do things in our shops that could not be done if you assembled a million men for the purpose. . . . In this sense, the machine has created new jobs."



workers could better group their occupations under one roof rather than for each to work alone at home, and the factory came into existence. Of course, it brought evils with it—the same evils that had existed in so-called “home” industry—long hours, harmful employment of women, and child labor. These were not originally factory evils; in fact, the factory abolished them in the course of time. Thus were two gains made: work became better, and the house was allowed to become a home.

With the establishment of the factory, the machine was given a chance. Much has been said against the machine, yet boiled down to its essence, the Machine Age has meant the reduction of “sweating” and, contrary to what some say, it has increased rather than decreased employment. It is a good thing that this is true, for the Machine Age has not only come to stay but is only beginning. No one is going back to the machineless days—to carry burdens on his back instead of pushing them on a wheelbarrow, for example.

There is no doubt that the machine not only makes it possible for more people to earn more money, but it also makes work more humane. Labor, which operates the machine, needs more and more intelligence, and is developing it, for the machine is a great educator—a fact that has been unrecognized so far. It opens up such vast new avenues of efforts that the field for labor is immeasurably improved and enlarged, while work becomes more rewarding and dignified.

The notion that machinery was invented as a labor-saving device is a mistaken one. *Machinery was invented by labor for labor-serving purposes!* Every hour we do things in our shops that could not be done even if you assembled a million men for the purpose. There are some things which men simply could not do without the machine. In this sense, the machine has created new jobs. Without modern machinery, the automobile would be an impossible creation. Without automobiles, there would not be the present demand for gasoline, oil, rubber, steel, and for a thousand other things that are associated with motor cars—the good roads which are continually being built, the road-building machinery; the machines which build *those* machines; and so on down the line.

Since the introduction of machinery, entirely new industries have arisen which have afforded men an opportunity to work along new channels.

There are men calling themselves economists who



Henry Ford, sketched from life. He is now 73 years old, and his name is synonymous the world over with the application of science to manufacturing industries.

write books urging that new inventions be suppressed because of the effect they will have on the structure of the economic world. Of course, the trouble with most books is that they are out of date by the time they are printed. When Newcomen was developing his steam engine and when Watt was improving it, a new work on economics was being read throughout the civilized world, based on a world strangled for want of machinery. But as between the steam engine and the book, it was the engine that changed the entire economic system. If you want a window into the future, watch the trend of the machine.

Do away with the wheel and what would become of us? The wheel is the basis of the machine. Yet it has never been considered other than the helper



The old sawmill at Ford's re-created vista of life of another day, Greenfield Village, Dearborn, Michigan. Small shops, foundries, and mills at practically every crossroads were a characteristic of the era before the Machine Age.

of man. And all machines since the discovery of the wheel have been the helpers of man.

Machines without men are useless. All real power is the power within man; power in a machine is the power of man extended. Machines do not run themselves. It takes a high intelligence to run them—higher than anyone has yet had the insight to see and the courage to acknowledge. Without that intelligence directing them they would be idle. Indeed, the danger is that man's intelligence will lag behind the machines which he creates.

The so-called evils attendant on the Machine Age are largely due to our inveterate objection as human beings to moving forward. But this tendency is confined to particular periods and is fortunately always temporary. Every generation eventually adjusts itself to its task; it may move on intelligently or unwillingly, but it moves on.

A characteristic of my younger days was the small shop, foundry, or mill. At practically every crossroads and along each stream, some small industry thrived. The growth of great industries seemed for a time to change this. Industry became centralized. That had a temporary benefit.

But it also had disadvantages. These are now

leading us to consider and to experiment in certain methods of decentralization.

Extensive operations will always be conducted in great plants, yet if there is the proper management and control of design, the lighter work can be done just as well and with many advantages in small factories located in village communities. The same city wage will be paid, but overhead will be less, and employees can find better living conditions.

I HAVE always felt that family security should not depend upon a single resource. With one foot in industry and one foot on the soil, a family is fairly safe against economic uncertainties. Within 50 miles of Dearborn, Michigan, we have 14 plants making parts for our cars. If *we* can do it, there is no reason why *other* large manufacturers cannot do the same thing. They have only to observe what departments can be detached from the main plant, and then by experiment convince themselves that such a move is a good thing for the workers as well as for the product.

Of course, this requires a great deal of personal attention, but no man should accept the responsibility of running a business unless he is prepared to regard

it constantly as his greatest obligation to society.

While improvements are taking place and new things are being created, it does not follow that old things must be abandoned, if there is any good in them. No *good* thing is ever rendered obsolete by progress. When the telephone came along, people thought that the telegraph would become obsolete. It hasn't. Now radio works hand in hand with both.

NEW inventions come along when old ones are beginning to arrive at a stage of perfection. It took man millions of years to create a good wagon; when he had reached what was approximate perfection in wagon-making, bicycles began to be used. When the development of the bicycle was finished—when it was made about as good as it could be—automobiles were designed. Engineers have kept on improving cars—improving their design and their parts.

Aviation will not come into its own until the automobile has been absolutely perfected. But there is much still to be done in automobiles. Give us a few years more, and the automobile will be improved and refined beyond all present imagination. Motor-car manufacturing is still a new industry. There will be changes for the better in almost every part of the car. Most of the present changes are only talking points for salesmen. The depression gave us all a chance to get down to work that had long been waiting to be done.

All our machinery will be lighter and better. This is true not only of automobile machinery but of machinery in general. Almost every mechanism today is unnecessarily overburdened with weight—due to a system of interlocking directorates; manufacturers have been only *selling* materials instead of also *studying* their best use.

For a time improvement in the direction of disencumbrance was halted because of mergers made for financial reasons. Such mergers always result in a suspension of the work of improvement and

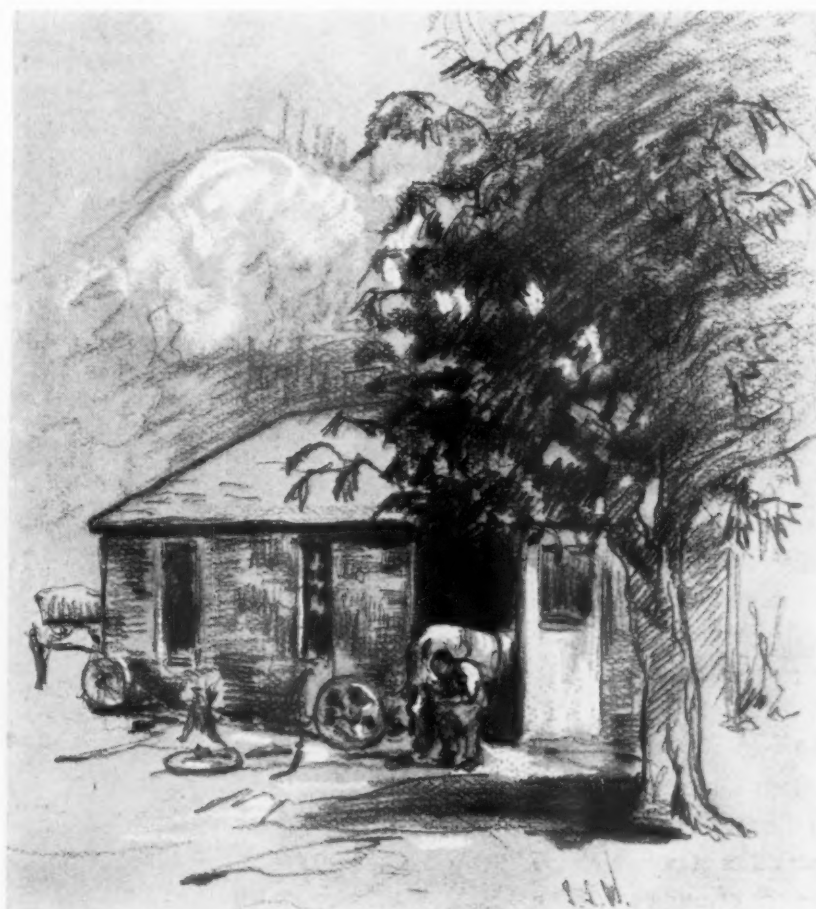
in higher prices. They defeat themselves in the end.

Another obstacle to progress in simplification is the lack of readiness on the part of the public to appreciate and accept new things. However, our people are now becoming educated to a point where they can intelligently coöperate with the engineer in his experiments to improve automotive equipment.

With improvements in machinery go changes of design. But unless the change in design is required by basic improvement, nine times out of ten it will not long endure. There is no beauty that does not arise from a functional requirement; it is a mistake to add or take away features for no other reason than to make a change or to make a new impression on the eye.

For example, houses are being built today with windows that have no eaves. Some people think this adds to the beauty of the houses. But eaves have a definite function to perform, and therefore it can safely be predicted that the new fashion will not last. It does not matter what the commodity is—houses, furniture, clothing, or machinery—the things that do best what they are supposed to do are by that very fact the most beautiful things.

No one can speak of [Continued on page 47]



Old-time blacksmith shop at Greenfield Village. . . . It gives significant perspective to the giant mills nearby.

*The Debate-of-the-Month***Should We 'Buy National'?**

THROUGHOUT the world today, we see the spectacle of many industrial nations promoting buy-at-home campaigns. In my opinion there is nothing illogical, subversive, or fallacious about such movements. I consider them a perfectly natural levelling off of the inflationary boom period to which we became accustomed in the 1920's.

If each country adhered to the making or growing of things for which it is best suited in materials and skill, I venture the view that, in the end, buy-at-home campaigns would promote not only their internal husbandry but their international economy as well. Surely it is reasonable that a country which buys the products abroad which its own resources can furnish as well, is not so economically well balanced as it might be.

There is no better example of such a contention than the United States. America's resources in men and materials built up the greatest material and social progress in history, confined its purchases for years to the necessities from abroad which it really needed, and, at the same time, established in international markets a reputation for peculiarly distinctive American products.

We, however, made the mistake of failing to recognize that foreign trade is a fickle goddess, that efficiency, quick turnover, substitution of new synthetic products, machine skill, would not indefinitely remain the monopoly of Americans. So instead of trying to maintain our exports somewhere at levels dictated by our national necessities (in which 95 percent of our production

Yes!

—Says Francis P. Garvan

President, Chemical Foundation, Inc., New York City

is consumed right at home) we blindly went ahead to increase our exports. Our ideas of foreign trade became terribly inflated, and we inevitably came to a status of deflation.

Americans took terrific punishment in the whole maze of our international operations. We poured billions into Europe not only for foreign governmental purposes, but for foreign industry and trade. We lent money abroad which theoretically permitted foreigners to buy from us. This is now conceded to have been a grave blunder, but those who would save our consciences say it was done to avoid taking foreign goods to pay for our exports. That, of course,





is a statement contrary to the true picture. We still continued throughout all the 1920's to be the world's largest buyer of the necessities from abroad which we could use, and paid for them in cash to the tune of four billions or so annually.

But Americans are slow to learn. We are still dreaming of that five-billion-dollar export trade which we used to enjoy, and beginning to scheme how we can reflate our exports back to that old level. It is amazing that we have forgotten that our peak of exports of those years gone by meant a salutary condition only on paper. They were built on the illusion that we had to lend foreigners the money so that they could pay for our goods. Well, we simply lost the goods and the money.

Even to have been paid "on the line" for our export shipments in that heyday of our prosperity would not argue that their colossal extent meant a healthy state of affairs. That would have minimized our enormous chronic deficit in our international operations, it is true, but not sufficiently by far to offset our folly in flooding the world with the billions of hard-earned dollars in tourist expenditures, immigrant remittances, foreign charges for shipping

services, and other items entering into the financial aspect of our international relations. We literally wasted staggering sums of money because of our sheer ignorance in international dealings, and thus contributed no small part to the hardships and sufferings of our own people today. We spent too much of our substance. To be intelligent about the problem of foreign trade, we must examine our present position.

Our exports have undergone profound changes in composition. Fifty years back our chief shipments abroad were raw materials and foodstuffs. They formed nearly 80 percent of our shipments to foreign countries. After the World War, our fabricated and partly fabricated products were constituting over 60 percent of our exports. The United States, transformed into the world's greatest industrial nation, began to call on outside sources for huge supplies of raw materials.

Thus, while American life became interrelated with that of the rest of the world, the dependence on exports remained much less than that of any other important country. Our exports fluctuated between 5 and 7 percent of our total [Continued on page 44]

does not follow that under normal conditions buying goods made abroad is detrimental to home production. In the first place, we must be careful that the so-called home-produced article is really completely made from our own material and by our own work-people.

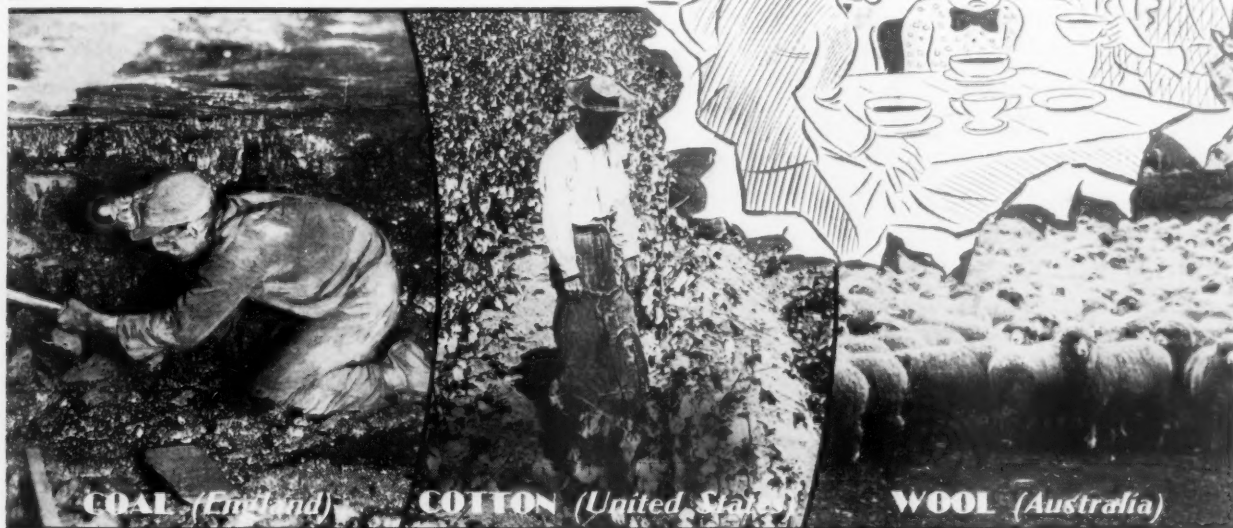
Thus it has sometimes happened in our British Industries Fair, which is held every Spring in London and Birmingham and is visited by 50,000 overseas buyers, that one or two machines exhibited have been largely, with the exception of the nameplate, made abroad.

It is indeed an interesting speculation as to how to differentiate between a foreign and a homemade article. Let me illustrate my point by referring for a moment to my own industry.

For instance, my firm has been established 144 years; in making varnish, the raw materials, gum, linseed oil, and turpentine, all come from abroad and represent the bulk of the factory cost of the finished product. I have always assumed, however, that

I am correct in calling the resulting compound "Made in England." Why not then machinery made from Belgian steel? How much work in fact has to be put into a foreign body to convert it into a homemade one? Can we make homemade cakes from foreign flour? Did King Alfred "come a cropper" in watching the homemade or foreign waffle?

Assuming, however, that you have established to your own satisfaction after exhaustive inquiries that the article purchased is so homemade as to come under your own private definition, I suggest that by its purchase you are doing in fact little or nothing to relieve unemployment. The purchase of a foreign-made article (actually paid for after taking abnormal credit!) merely creates in the bank a credit in dollars, francs [Continued on page 45]

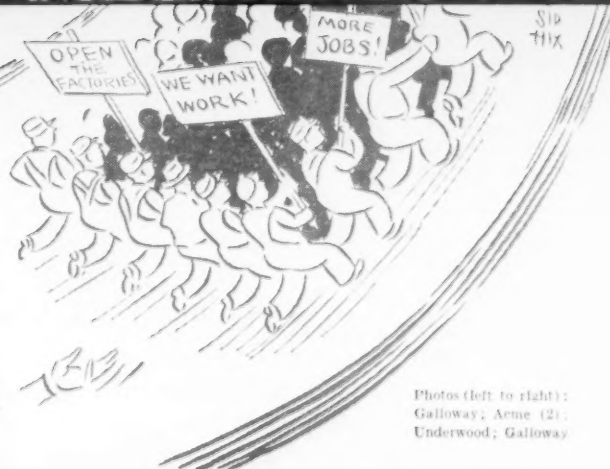


Effects of buy-at-home campaigns go round and round, like music in the popular song, and come forth at surprising places, declares this author.

Hence



And



Photos (left to right):
Galloway; Acme (2);
Underwood; Galloway

'Got a Job, Mister?'



Illustrations by
Robert A. Graef

By Charles W. Ward

Loan Officer, Northwestern University

I AM a specialist in recent graduates. They owe me money: money that they borrowed to finish school. I want to be paid so I can lend the money to others who need it. The only way most of them can repay is to get jobs. To protect myself, therefore, and because I like to do it, I help them get jobs.

You might imagine by that that I buttonhole John Smith, president of the Smith Button Company, or some other friend, and say: "John, I've got a friend who needs a job. I think he would make good in the button business. Give him a trial, will you?"

But I don't. I don't know enough John Smiths to go around. And not one in a hundred would give a boy a job today on that kind of approach. It's the easiest thing in the world for a man tackled thus, to say:

"I'm awfully sorry, old man, but I haven't got a job in the place."

Yet the chances are he will hire several men within the month!

There is a lot of nonsense talked about this job business. Tens of thousands of young people will be seeking jobs soon—within the next few weeks.

"Tens of thousands of young people will be seeking jobs soon. . . . Some will get them because they know how to work things right."

Some will get them because Mother's brother runs the place, or Dad knows somebody. Some will get them because they know how to work things right. A few—very few, comparatively—will get them because they tramp from door to door till their shoes wear out, saying despairingly to every employment manager in town:

"Mister, I'll take *anything!*"

To any boy or girl who wants to land a job this summer, I have four tried-and-tested pieces of free advice:

Be choosy; Never ask for a job;

Pull wires; Don't be choosy.

I don't mean you shouldn't work hard at the job of getting a job. You should. But work *intelli-*



gently. Use a pry. Get Old Man Human Nature for an ally. I don't actually get a job for one boy in a hundred. But I have shown hundreds how to get jobs for themselves.

Let me tell you about Larry Stout. That's his real name. Larry came to me one day and said:

"Mr. Ward, I want to connect up with the Pure Oil Company. I like the line, and I like the organization. But I've called half a dozen times and I can't even get inside. They just tell me they're not hiring anybody. Don't you know someone—"

"Larry," I said, "I don't know a soul."

He looked glum at that. So I suggested we put on our skull caps.

Larry had the right idea to start with. He wasn't "taking anything." He had picked his line and his



company. He was choosy. One of the things successful job-hunters soon discover is that they have a better chance to land a job if they are deliberately looking for *the* job.

"I don't know a soul in Pure Oil," I told Larry, "but you ought to be able to get in there somehow."

It occurred to me that I had heard somewhere that the Dawes brothers had a considerable interest in that company. I am one of the six or eight mil-

lion people who once said, "How do you do, General Dawes!"—and after shaking the hand of the former Vice President of the United States and Ambassador to the Court of St. James, passed out of his memory, if I was ever in it. So I sat down and wrote him this letter:

Dear General Dawes:

This is to introduce an unusual young fellow who is just trying to get started, to an unusual man who is—well, who is General Dawes.

You may not remember me, but I know you well enough to think you will enjoy giving him a minute of time and a little boost. The bearer is Lawrence Stout, and I am

Cordially yours,

Chas. W. Ward.

Larry took that letter to the General's office. He was inside in five minutes. He told his story and asked for advice.

"Why, you ought to go and see So-and-so," said General Dawes, naming the vice president of Pure Oil. "Here"—scribbling something on my letter—"take this and tell him I sent you."

LARRY hadn't even been able to get inside before, but now he was ushered politely into the vice president's office, and talked with him for three-quarters of an hour. He didn't ask for a job—I'll tell you why in a moment. But he made it perfectly plain that the Pure Oil Company was the outfit he had wanted to work for, for a long time. At the end of the interview the vice president said:

"It seems to me we ought to be able to find a place for you in this business. I don't know where, just now. Can you come back in three or four days?"

Larry was back at the appointed time.

"Would you mind going out of town?" asked the vice president at the second interview.

"Not at all."

"We've got a place in Dayton—"

Dayton was Larry's home town! The last I heard he was doing fine.

Don't ask for a job! That sounds like strange advice, doesn't it? It is. But it's the right line to take these days.

Why? Put yourself in the employer's shoes. He has been hounded for jobs again and again and again. All day and all night. The answer is automatic with him now:

"Sorry, old man; I haven't got any jobs."

If you see him at noon, he has already said it 20 times since sunup.

Well then, what cheery subject can you introduce? Here's the "low-down." Try asking him for . . .

advice. You can bet your last nickel he won't say: "Sorry, old man; I haven't got any advice."

You'll get his attention. A chap who is looking for "any job"—and saying so every chance he gets—is not very interesting to anybody. He becomes something of a bore. But an older man in any line is likely to be attracted to a younger man who is ambitious to make a success in that same line. There is nothing the older man would like so much, probably, as a chance to begin all over again. He can't do that. The next best thing left for him to do is to guide some youngster who is about to set foot on the same road.

I have suggested this line of thought to a lot of boys, and I never heard of but one using it and being rebuffed. I imagine the trouble with that one was that he got his signals mixed. Of the many young fellows who succeeded with it, I have in mind at the moment one whom I will call Henry.

Henry wanted to get into the mail-order business.

"Gordon came into my office the picture of utter dejection. The dragon had got him."



"What have you done?" I asked him point-blank. "Flat-footed it to every mail-order employment office in town," he said.

"And were turned down?"

He nodded.

"How many *general* managers have you called on?" I asked.

Henry's eyes popped. "*They* wouldn't even let me in the door."

"No?" Then I told him about the time I was sick and out of work for a year, and when the doctor finally said I could do a little something, needed a job so badly I could have cried. I thought my best chance would be in some new business. The newest thing making headlines at that time was commercial aviation.

I was in Detroit. "Who," I asked, "is the biggest aviation man here?"

Howard E. Coffin, they told me. He was vice president of the Hudson Motor Car Company, and president of the American Aeronautical Society. I called him on the phone.

"Mr. Coffin," I said, "you have never met me. You wouldn't remember me if you had. But I would like to call and see you for a few minutes about a matter of great importance to me, but of no possible advantage to you."

I stressed that last. He said to come on up.

I walked through a corporal's guard in the front office and was warmly welcomed by Mr. Coffin in his private room. In five minutes he told me where a job could be found and authorized me to use his name in applying for it. I applied by wire, and got it.

I told Henry this, and I told him to think of the biggest man he knew, or knew of, in the mail-order business. I thought it not without significance that he named one instantly.

"Fine!" I said. "Now, when you go to him—"

"But will he see me?"

"Sure, he'll see you, if you tackle him right. When you go to him, talk like this: 'Mr. ———, I want to get a start in this business in which you have made such a success. I think I am qualified for a start in a small way. Would you mind telling me how *you* would proceed today, if you were I?'"

"You don't ask him for a job," I emphasized. "There is no embarrassment on that score between you. He doesn't have to think of ways to turn you down. And as sure as he is a human being and an employer, he will begin [Continued on page 49]"



Before you start for the wilds, learn a few card tricks! They'll often win favors when pleas fail.

So You'd Be an Explorer!

By William LaVarre

Famed Adventurer and Author

I HAVEN'T decided whether flute playing is the *ne plus ultra* for a would-be explorer's professional success. Once my mind is made up, something usually comes along to change it—as, for instance, that impatient week we sat out in the South American jungle last year, 36 seconds north of the Equator, when flute playing proved no asset at all.

The chief of the Tarumas didn't like flute playing. The chief of the Wai Wai didn't like flute playing either. They sat there opposite us, on sun-bleached turtle shells, refusing to applaud or cheer the excellent rendition I gave of *The Whistler and his Dog*, which had made plenty of other savages sit up nights. If I hadn't remembered, at last, that I'd subscribed to a correspondence course entitled *Fun with Paper Fold-*

ing, I probably wouldn't be basking in the simple life of civilization and writing these words of comment. Usually, when everything else failed, I could open up my sample trade-goods chest; but the chief of the Wai Wai was a man who didn't want to buy his women anything. He didn't want his women wearing clothes, or putting sweet-smelling pomade on their hair. "When a woman hasn't any clothes on she is all right," he said. "She works well and there's no foolishness. But put clothes on her and trouble starts. You'd better shut up that box of nicknacks!"

I had considered myself preëminent as a selector of trade goods which no primitive man—or woman

ing, I probably wouldn't be basking in the simple life of civilization and writing these words of comment. Usually, when everything else failed, I could open up my sample trade-goods chest; but the chief of the Wai Wai was a man who didn't want to buy his women anything. He didn't want his women wearing clothes, or putting sweet-smelling pomade on their hair. "When a woman hasn't any clothes on she is all right," he said. "She works well and there's no foolishness. But put clothes on her and trouble starts. You'd better shut up that box of nicknacks!"

I had considered myself preëminent as a selector of trade goods which no primitive man—or woman

—could resist, but it doesn't take much higher education to know that a man like Kaitan can't be made a fool of, even by the most accomplished explorer. I slammed the lid tight. Lucky for me, I remembered that "the ability to make things out of paper affords pleasure to young and old alike" — to which I had subscribed \$25 in, as my wife frequently suggests, a weak-minded moment.

The chief of the Tarumas thought my Paper Cup very interesting, but Kaitan of the Wai Wai was interested in nothing less than The Aviator's Helmet, which I made once quite successfully but had a terrible time repeating for his benefit. I made Boat with Funnel, Lampshade, Four Bonbon Dishes, The Japanese Lantern, and had them all slapping their sides and roaring with The Goose's Head. From then on exploring in—and out of—Taruma and Wai Wai country was simplicity itself.

But I think in the long run an accomplished flute player makes the best explorer. I started exploring 18 years ago, and this was the first time I ever got any benefit out of being able to make a paper goose's head. But at every turn of the trail I've found someone who could be charmed by a good flute solo at sunset. Yes, one of the first things I'd teach the inquiring explorer would be *The Art*—or whatever it could be called—of *Playing the Flute*.

A LOT of people have asked me how one manages to organize such armylike expeditions, of mixed bloods, and keep them from murdering each other before civilization is regained. "I ask each man if he can play a flute," I always say. "If he can't, I leave him behind." Of course, one can't have an expedition orchestra out of flute players alone, no matter how good they are. We use empty bottles, spoons, kerosene drums, rubber bands, strident blades of razor grass to bolster up the musical interlude. I've seen men, working neck-deep in tormenting rapids all day and ready to kill each other at the

Illustrations by
Ray Inman



"They sat there on sun-bleached turtle shells, refusing to applaud . . ."

drop of a word, forget all enmity in an evening of wild, rhythmic music and, with heads together, gloat over some legerdmain of impromptu musical close harmony.

Yes, music hath considerable charm, and musical instruments are worth more than their weight in gold to a gang of jungle-boring men. I have a boat crew of giant black paddlers which not a man-hating rapids in South America can lick, once they start their wild water-challenging songs. And lying back in my firelit swaying hammock, at night after a heart-breaking day, I get a strange new peace from the communal hour of lilting far-from-civilization melodies.

In the old days of charting the earth's surface, explorers had to know a lot of things about the stars and other celestial bodies, so they could find out where they were—and so their maps wouldn't be all guesswork. All rivers wiggle on maps, but after more and more men pass up them, they seem to get a little worn out and stop wiggling where no rivers are supposed to be. It's not very often, these days, that you stumble across a mountain where a lake is supposed to be or *vice versa*. Today a much more important question than Can You Locate Saturn?

is—Do You Know Any Parlor Tricks? Can you roll up your sleeves, take the Ace of Spades out of your ear, and the Ace of Hearts out of your opponent's hair? *Magic in 100 Easy Lessons* would be my next course of study for the would-be explorer. Sure, you'll giggle and say it sounds silly. But I've travelled farther by doing a few card tricks under the turned-up nose of a glum savage than I could have by a week of astute chatter. One of my best assets, once I learned how to do it myself, was the old stand-by of putting together and separating two apparently interlocking bent nails. The white man who can pour clear water from one glass into another and have it turn red can usually go anywhere he wants to among primitive people.

CAN you make funny faces? Now that is something every explorer should know. I've often thought what a famous explorer the Man-with-the-Rubber-Face might have become. For instance, he'd have been an instant hit with the brown-skinned Simpanos. Lord, what a glum-looking lot of people they are! I tried for days to get a smile of hospitality out of them without success. And then I fell into a bee's hole (yes, bees live in holes, in Brazil). By the time I returned to the village, one side of my face was like a lumpy balloon. I'd been after the chief for days to let the village women go off with me—to help carry my supplies into still more distant jungles—but all he did was to grunt and look dour. But he let out a loud pagan guffaw the minute he saw my new face, and it wasn't long before the whole village was rollicking in an ecstasy of glee and good-fellowship.

After numerous drinks all round he not only ordered out all his available women, but made some of the younger boys go along also. If I could have made really funny faces—without resorting to such a painful agency—I have no doubt he would have climbed out

of his hammock and gone with me himself—and I'd be several thousand carats of diamonds richer today. He knew where they were but, woe is me, I never could make a funny face grand enough to win his complete confidence.

So, *Easy Lessons in Funny Faces* would be another obligatory course in my correspondence course for explorers.

Now, the next subject, and I might as well come right out and call a spade by its right name, has to do with the Science of Scratching. I suppose millions of people have never thought very much about there being a right and a wrong way of scratching. Maybe there are millions of people who have never had to scratch. But none of them are explorers. Scratching is an essential of a real explorer's existence. He is constantly doing it. The wrong kind of scratching may result in death, or worse.

There really is, however, a right way to scratch. You do it by closing your fist tight and not scratching at all. Place your closed fist over the area annoying you, and gently open- [Continued on page 48]



"He let out a loud pagan guffaw the minute he saw my face."

Once I Was President

By **Jesse Rainsford Sprague**

Past President, Rotary Club of San Antonio, Texas

I REMEMBER as plainly as can be how I felt on the day that I finished my term as President of the Rotary Club and a new President was inaugurated. I resolved to be very noble. As I walked back to my store after the meeting I told myself:

"I don't see how the Club is going to get along without me as President. But no matter what happens I absolutely will not interfere. Nor shall I criticise in any way. Even though the Club goes to the dogs, it shall never be said of me that I tried to boss."

Later on, as the Club went along all right, I was a bit chagrined that I had taken myself so seriously. I would be chagrined now except that in going about the country I drop in on a good many Rotary meetings and frequently sit beside some man who has been President of his Club. Every ex-President I ever discussed it with said he was just like me the day he quit office. He was pessimistic about the Club's future, but vowed he would be broad-minded and would try not to interfere.

A man would be more than human not to feel that way. I don't know anything that is more likely to give a man a high opinion of himself than to be President of a Rotary Club. I remember in my own case how, the very day I was inaugurated President, there was some kind of municipal celebration that the Rotary President was supposed to attend, and five different Rotarians called up to ask if they couldn't drive me there. It was a new experience and I liked it. Things like that happen all the time when you are a Club President. You "pal" around with

Wherein an 'ex' drops all guards and confesses what he and some others think about how a large Rotary Club should be operated.

the District Governor when he pays his annual visit. You head your delegation when you attend the International Convention. Your name often appears in the newspaper, sometimes with your photograph. All this is terrible on your character. It gives you the idea that you are just about the most important man in town.

Yet, after all, we ex-Presidents aren't a bad lot, once we are out of office a few months and realize we were a little mistaken about our importance. For one thing, I believe we feel a more personal responsibility toward our Club than men who haven't been President. And I am sure most of us stick to the resolution that we made when we quit office. We



"We were behind the scenes waiting for our act when he came to me shaking from head to foot. 'I can't cross that stage,' he said."

are careful not to interfere. Some ex-Presidents are even too careful. They hold back good suggestions because they are afraid it will seem as though they are trying to boss.

That is why I like to sit beside ex-Presidents when I drop in on Rotary meetings around the country. They will open up to an ex-President visitor and talk about things they wouldn't talk about to members of the home Club.

I am going to repeat some things ex-Presidents have said to me. If any Rotarian doesn't agree, I beg him to remember that I am merely acting as reporter. Here is what one of the ex-Presidents said:

"It seems to me that our Club is afraid not to have some formal entertainment every week. When I was in office, 15 years ago, we had once a month what we called a 'business meeting.' I guess it wasn't exactly that, because we didn't transact much business. There were no speeches. We just talked back and forth with other members at the tables where we happened to sit. But we had a much better chance to get really acquainted with one another than we have now."

Other ex-Presidents have talked along the same lines. One said: "I think nowadays too much time is taken up with announcements, introduction of

visitors, and so forth. At least 20 minutes on an average is taken up with not-very-important things that could be done adequately in half the time. You have to rush through your lunch so as to be finished by the time the meeting is called to order. There isn't any chance for conversation at the tables."

Another man, in office about ten years ago, said:



"I think we have too many outside entertainers nowadays. The year that I was President I had 25 meetings run absolutely by our own members. I would rather attend a meeting that our own members get up, even if they aren't very good at it, than listen to some pro-

fessional orator try to spellbind the audience."

Other ex-Presidents spoke against outside entertainers. I was amazed to find some who didn't even want to hear the talented 14-year-old boy from Rural School Number One recite Lincoln's Gettysburg speech; nor the young lady from the local School of Music play the piano; nor the president of the Women's Musical Club talk about next week's concert at the Auditorium.

I have been still more amazed to find a good many ex-Presidents who believe their Club entertains too many Speakers with Serious Messages.

This is a shocking matter. I remind the reader again that I merely repeat here what a Rotarian once confidently said to me:

"I know it is very important to promote American trade with Iceland. I am in favor of forest conservation. I think the State Normal School ought to have more money. I favor the National Little Theater Movement.

"But, darn it all, I can't devote my whole life to these things. I've got a business of my own to attend to. And so, when some man comes along and makes a fiery speech to the Club about crop diversification or patronizing American ships instead of foreign ships, I can't work myself into much of a sweat. Especially when I know the man has made the same speech to Kiwanis, Lions, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Parent-Teacher Association. When he finishes his speech to the Club we give him a good hand. Our President says we are deeply interested in his mission. Generally that's that. We go back to our stores and [Continued on page 41]





Photo: Atlantic City Convention Bureau

The Convention Hall fronts Atlantic City's famed Boardwalk and beach.

Convention Speakers—(reading from left to right): President Emeritus Paul P. Harris; President Ed. R. Johnson; Past President Clinton P. Anderson; Dr. William Trufant Foster; Past Vice President Maurice Duperrey.



Photo: © H. E. Galloway

A Convention Preview

By Alfred H. McKeown

Chairman, Convention Committee, Rotary International.

ATLANTIC CITY enjoys the distinction of being the only city in the world (aside from Chicago) to be host to two Rotary International Conventions. Its first was held in 1920—and was attended by a record crowd of more than 7,000, an eighth of all the Rotarians in the world at that time.

Founder Paul Harris named the 1920 Convention "The Loyalty Convention." Atlantic City's second Rotary Convention—June 22 to 26, 1936—might also be so subtitled, for every indication now is that it will bring to the Boardwalk another record crowd.

From the farthest corners of the Rotary world, Rotarians and their families are coming. Europe, anticipating the reversal of the tide when the 1937 Convention will spotlight London, will be represented *en masse*. Atlantic City's famous Boardwalk has never held a more colorful, friendly throng than that which will gather there this year. Reservations are being received from Rotarians in Britain and Ireland, Continental Europe, Africa, Asia, Australia, New Zealand, South and Central America, Mexico, the West Indies—in a word, from all the world.

This international aspect will be stressed on the first day of the Convention by President Ed. R.

Johnson, who will review in his own brisk way and entertaining style the march of events in Rotary's progress. During the past year, President Johnson has travelled extensively in North America and in Europe, and has met with Rotarians of many nationalities. Even as I write these lines, he is in Czechoslovakia. He will bring back a fascinating report of the achievements of Rotary International, and of world-wide problems, from data based on first-hand observation.

Messages from Founder and First President Paul P. Harris and from Glenn Mead, second President of Rotary International, will also add to the interest in the first session on Monday. Responses will be made by Tsunekichi Asabuki, of Tokyo, Japan, Governor of Rotary's 70th District, and Hugo Prager, of Zurich, Switzerland.

On Monday, also, there will be a special Latin-American assembly and a reception for ladies and their escorts from outside the United States to meet President and Mrs. Johnson.

On the second day, Tuesday, Past President Clinton P. Anderson of Albuquerque, New Mexico, a brilliant and forceful speaker, will strike the keynote

of President Johnson's administration: the responsibility of the individual Rotarian to do his part to bring about the achievement of Rotary's Four Objects. For many years Past President Anderson has been actively engaged in many phases of public service and hence is admirably equipped to present this all-important subject to the Convention.

Felipe Silva, of Cienfuegos, Cuba, is scheduled for an address on the topic *Now You Are a Member of the Rotary Club*. Last year Rotarian Silva did exceptional work in the organization of new Clubs in Cuba. This year he is a member of the Extension Committee of Rotary International, and has been selected by this year's Board of Directors as one of several nominees for the 1936-37 Board of R.I. Among the questions which Dr. Silva will discuss are the following: *What does it mean to be a*



member of a Rotary Club?

What does the Club expect of its members? What are the obligations of the members to the Club?

Just how idealistic can we be in a workaday world? To this question, Dr. William Trufant Foster, an outstanding figure among economists, will give answer. He is a forceful speaker and will challenge the thought of those in attendance at the Tuesday morning session with his presentation on *The Practical Value of an Ideal*. Dr. Foster is Director of the Polak Foundation for Economic Research, a former college president, lecturer at Harvard and Columbia Universities, and the author of a number of books, among them *Progress and Plenty* and *The Road to Plenty*.

On Tuesday afternoon, under the chairmanship of Walter D. Head, a special session on Vocational Service will hear the following speakers: Will R. Manier, Jr., *A History of Vocational Service in Rotary*; C. L. Pillsbury, *Competitor Relations*; Luther Hodges, *Relation Between Buyers and Sellers*; Sir Charles A.

Mander, Bart., *Employer-Employee Relations; International Trade Relations* (speaker to be announced later).

One of the leading educators of Great Britain, T. A. (Tom) Warren, of Wolverhampton, England, will give the closing address of the plenary session on Tuesday morning. His subject will be *The Effective Citizen*. Rotarian Warren is Director of Education at Wolverhampton, and a specialist on the problems of young people who appear before the British courts of justice. He has been an active leader in Rotary for many years and is a member of the Community Service Committee of Rotary International for 1935-36.

Among the best-known writers and lecturers on criminology in the United States is Dr. Amos O. Squire, for many years physician at Sing Sing Prison, New York. Dr. Squire learned as is permitted few men to learn the problems which beset society. His address, *The Men of Tomorrow*, will be an impor-

tant part of the

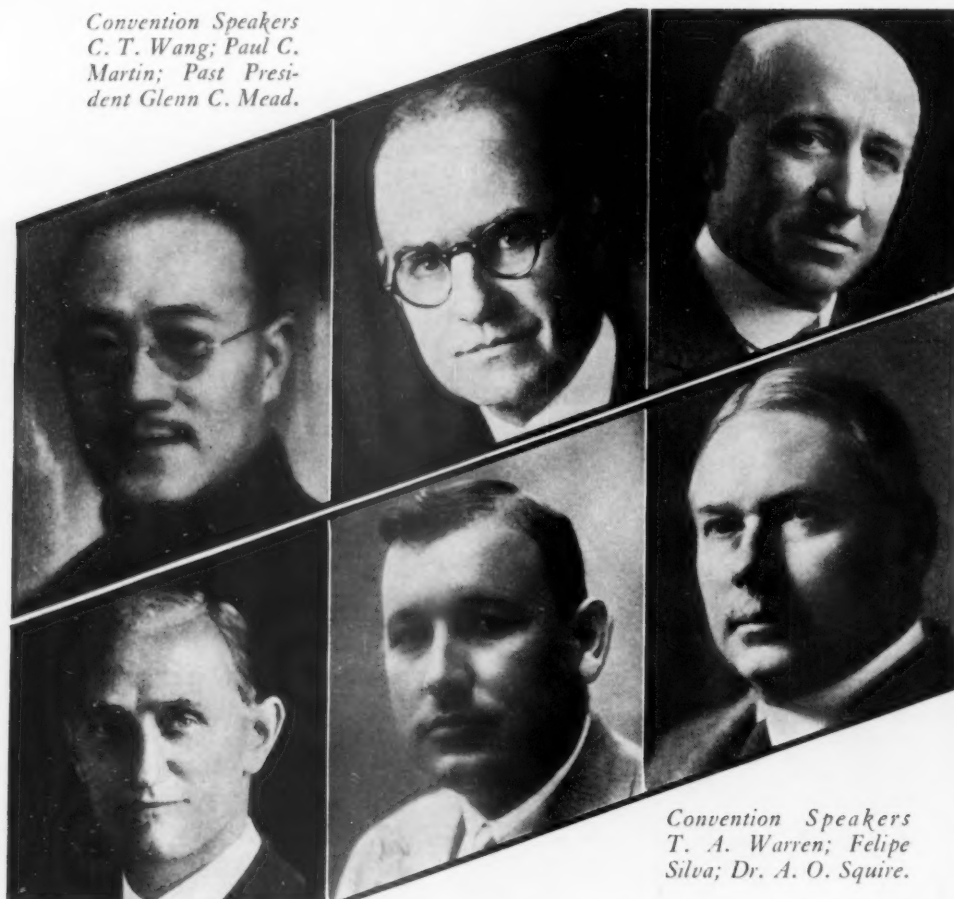
Wednesday morning program.

He was the founder and first president of the Rotary Club of Ossining, New York, and is now a Director of Rotary International.

Prominent and experienced Rotarians from ten countries of the world will take part in a round-table discussion at Wednesday morning's plenary session. The chairman will be Maurice Duperrey of Paris, France, Past Vice President of Rotary International, who has travelled widely, and who has a long record of Rotary service. To hear Rotarians from each of these countries tell of the value of Rotary to the people of their respective countries will picture for each Rotarian the world-wide potentiality of Rotary and give to each one a new pride in his membership.

After the round-table discussion by Rotarians from ten countries, on the development of Rotary in their own homelands, the scope and importance of Ro-

*Convention Speakers
C. T. Wang; Paul C.
Martin; Past Presi-
dent Glenn C. Mead.*



*Convention Speakers
T. A. Warren; Felipe
Silva; Dr. A. O. Squire.*

tary as a great international movement will be described by Paul C. Martin, of Springfield, Ohio, a Rotarian since 1914. He is a leading attorney at law of his State and a celebrated speaker at Rotary Conferences and Intercity meetings on the theme of international relationships. At the conclusion of his address there will be a short pageant to give added emphasis to the world-picture of Rotary.

The principal business of Thursday morning will be the consideration of the recommendations of the Council on Legislation which will meet on Monday morning. Following this will be a report of the Nomination and Election Arrangements Committee, announcing the results of the balloting for nominees for Directors of Rotary International for 1936-37.

The annual reports of the President, the Secretary, and the Treasurer will be presented at this session.

George W. MacLellan, of Santa Barbara, California, will make a short address on the Rotary Foundation, and President Johnson will conduct a brief memorial service in honor of Rotarians who have died during the year.

District Governor C. T. Wang of Shanghai, China, will address the Convention on the story of *Fu Lun She*, Rotary in China. Another important speaker

will be announced at a later time.

The week of Rotary fellowship, inspiration, conference, and entertainment will come to a climax on Friday morning in a closing session crowded with features stressing vividly the ties of friendship which unite Rotarians all over the world. Gifts to the host club from visiting delegations, the award of the silver Convention Attendance Trophy Cup, the introduction of the leaders of Rotary for the coming year, a summation of Rotary's achievements and its great possibilities for the future, inspirational messages from the incoming and outgoing

Presidents, and the farewell handclaps of the entire audience, each with the other, will make a picture to live long in the memory of everyone who shares in this great gathering.

During the week more than 80 group-discussion assemblies will be held. These will provide opportunities for the individual Rotarian to participate in discussions of those phases of Rotary work most interesting to him. Club, Community, Vocational, and International Service in all their phases will be covered in these meetings.

Never in the lives of any of us has Rotary been more needed in the world than it is today. That, I believe, is in the minds of the thousands who already are planning to attend. No one is so callow as to measure a Rotary Convention entirely by attendance statistics. Yet there is a relationship between growth and progress. I would go so far as to say that there is a distinct correlation between Convention attendance and Rotary advancement. At a Convention, enthusiasms are fired, objectives are redefined, principles are clarified, and impetus is given which carries the Movement forward with renewed zeal and vigor during the ensuing year. The more people who experience a Convention, the wider its influence.

Where Organization Fails

By Edward Gordon Craig

IF ALL things were rational (what we call "rational"), the whole of creation could be successfully organized—but, unfortunately or fortunately, things are not all alike . . . some rational, some not. Some things are born perfect in organization, and need no further improvement: others have developed an organization of their own. Who will want to organize butterflies, or improve the sunshine? You may harness the sun if you can, but best take care not to tamper with the sunshine. Or you may utilize electricity, but you will beware of the lightning.

In organizing, we have sometimes failed to inquire whether the nature of the thing to be organized is adapted to our purpose. We are apt to go ahead too quickly now and again.

This morning I was being shaved by a barber in Paris.

"One can always eat well in Paris," I said; we had somehow mentioned food. I forget what he replied, but before long he was talking of his daily luncheon in Egypt. (He shaved in Egypt in the winter.) "I always took an omelette of eight eggs," he said. Keeping silent, so that I might comprehend better as time went on—for eight eggs seemed excessive—I soon heard him telling me a number of interesting things about modern Egypt.

"It's all I cared to have—an omelette is what I had every day for lunch . . . the eggs are very small—I had eight eggs every day."

"Is there nothing else to eat?" I asked.

"Yes, you can get beans and

"Man has been tempted by the devil to organize the bit of truth that is in the theater—and I warn and implore him now to drop it."

Most 'rational' affairs thrive on systematization, concedes this critical author, but some things in life lose their savor when forced.

peas and all kinds of vegetables . . . carrots . . . and that small kind of green things . . ." he could not find the word, nor could I . . . "Small cucumbers?" I ventured, but that did not interest him. "An omelette of eight eggs is all I had . . . very good. . . ." Like all good barbers, he spoke in a very quiet voice, and in fragmentary sentences—shaving two or three strokes between each phrase.

"The irrigation of Egypt is very complete," he said, "and everything grows with great rapidity"—he scraped a bit of bristle off my lip—"grows quickly:

Woodcut of Gypsy Theater, Seville, Spain; Courtesy Chicago Art Institute



peas—beans—tomatoes—carrots—” a pause, and more scraping—“but no taste.” He took up the brush for the second lathering.

“I don’t know how it is—not worth eating, those forced vegetables: you can sow peas on the first of the month, and in fourteen days you can have bushels and bushels of ‘em . . . but no taste.”

“The fruits of organization,” I murmured to myself—and felt what fun it was that Nature really knew a trick or two.

Half-an-hour later that day, at lunch, I opened a French newspaper, and read this:

The reason for the undoubted benefit obtained from Spa waters is still very mysterious. It cannot reasonably be explained by the presence of chemical salts in the waters, because when these salts are mixed into ordinary water, the same result is not attained.

Neither can it be attributed to the radioactivity of these waters, because ordinary water, when rendered equally radioactive, does not have at all the same healing action.

So then, more organizing, and no quite satisfactory result . . . and I thanked heaven that the *Sole maison* which I was then enjoying was still unspoiled—not over or under-cooked, not over-organized—and cookery still an art. . . .

The word “art” is fatal with me—no sooner thought of in relation to cookery, than I began thinking of the theater. “Organize the theater, for the theater is irresistible”—I remembered these words—who was it had uttered them? I remembered that they have been echoed time and again in recent years, but who first uttered the phrase?

Matthew Arnold, says someone—but he merely repeated what another said—and that other was Sarah Bernhardt. She said it, and she couldn’t have known what she was saying for it is ridiculous to organize what is already irresistible. What you have to organize is something which needs pulling together before it will function. The irresistible acts automatically, and needs no assistance.

MADAME Sarah Bernhardt probably meant no more than that the theater should *put itself in order*—an admirable thing for it to do, and do over and over again: but the drama leagues have taken her literally, and have supposed she meant the kind of organization applied to railways, factories, and other things of the kind, which can stand it. Besides this, we have all of us supposed it was Arnold who uttered the phrase—and we held *him* for a clear-thinking man, and so what would you have us do . . .

deny his good sense? . . . such a thing would be unthinkable. So we flopped—and having failed to discover the original source of the phrase, organized *au* Matthew Arnold, instead of *a la* Bernhardt.

Of the British Drama League, Mr. Dukes some time ago wrote in a theatrical paper:

In England the entire country is organized into districts, and elimination tournaments are held in each district, with the result that the five amateur societies which compete at the final festival for the Lord Howard de Walden trophy are the choice of several hundred entrants, making a much clearer and higher standard at the finish.

It was not this that our Sarah Bernhardt looked forward to—it is not this which anyone wants: for the irresistible needs no such organization, and to organize the irresistible in this way is to kill it.

WHILE thinking of the disastrous effect of organization on some things—on theater, on the desert, and on sport—I came across an excellent little fable by Mr. Lincoln Steffens, torn from some old magazine, from which I will quote. It begins:

We were walking along the avenue one day, the devil and I, and we were talking. That is to say, I was talking; I was asking questions. Satan didn’t answer; and he had promised to answer.

“I will answer truly any questions you really ask me,” is the way he had put it. “I will tell you anything you can understand.”

The questioner asks Satan how he managed to defeat the great prophets. He goes on to ask about “the great labor movement, which has shaken the world again and again,” saying, “What’s the matter with organized labor today? What are you doing to its leaders, for example?”

Satan had answered none of these questions—he was looking across the street.

His attention seemed to be fixed upon a spot. I looked where he looked, and what I saw startled me. I saw a man reach up into the sunshine and grasp a piece of truth. It was a little bit of a piece, but it was truth. No wonder the devil was interested. . . .

“Did you see that man get that piece of truth?” I asked. He nodded, but he made no reply. “You don’t seem to be disturbed by it.”

“No,” he answered absently.

“But you see how it would hurt business, don’t you?” I urged.

“Yes,” he said and smiled. “It would ruin mine.” . . . “Well, then,” I persisted impatiently. . . . “What will you do?”

“Why,” he said. “I shall tempt him to organize it. . . .”

Man has been tempted by the devil to organize the bit of truth that is in the theater—and I warn and implore him now to drop it.



At Montevideo (top) Paul and Mrs. Harris tasted Uruguayan hospitality at the home of Herbert P. Coates, Honorary General Commissioner for South America.

Paul Harris' Trip to South America

ONCE again Rotary's Founder and President-Emeritus, Paul P. Harris, and Mrs. (Jean) Harris have returned to their home in Chicago from an adventure in Rotary friendship in distant lands. Main objective of the trip was the Ibero-American Regional Conference at Valparaiso, Chile, but their itinerary also took them to Colombia, Panama, Ecuador, Peru, Argentina, and Brazil where high honors were accorded them by governments, cities, and Rotary Clubs.

Right, from top down: S. de Miranda Jordao (at right in octagon), president of the Brazilian Bar Association, confers with Rotary's Founder at Rio de Janeiro . . . Rotary and civic officials were hosts to the Harris at Pereira, Colombia. . . Always keenly interested in children, Founder Paul gladly participated with Buenos Aires, Argentina, Rotarians in a visit to a Rotary-sponsored children's library. . . The planting of a tree of friendship climaxed the visit to Lima, Peru.

Below: More than 400 Rotarians from 20 nations contributed to international understanding at the Ibero-American Regional Conference at Valparaiso, Chile.



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THE Objects of Rotary are to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Editorial Comment

Find the Clutch!

ANY driver of a conventionally-g geared motor car who has tried to shift from "second" to "high" without treading the clutch pedal has a pat picture of what's wrong in world affairs today. For what are "economic and social dislocations" but the gratings and groanings of man forever shifting gears without applying the clutch?

Workers out of work because of labor-displacing machinery or slack trade, bursting granaries, rusting ships, hungry children—these are not unrelated phenomena. They occur everywhere, and are symptomatic of man's failure to discover and to use a technique of accommodation to conditions which have changed with dizzy rapidity since the World War. The vogue for panaceas is waning, but with interdependence of all men an admitted fact, it is reasonable to believe that present frictions will disappear to the degree that sound economic policies prevail.

Accusing eyes have been directed toward the machine. Should inventive genius be controlled to reduce technological unemployment of men and capital? That suggestion was discussed ably in THE ROTARIAN in April, 1934, by Sir Josiah Stamp and Charles F. Kettering. Government regulation of industry, as a measure of national recovery, was debated by Clarence Darrow and Donald R. Richberg in November, 1934, and was followed in May, 1935, by an exchange-of-opinion between Stuart Chase and David Lawrence on "Is Government Spending the Way to Recovery?"

To what extent is a free flow of goods among nations essential to their prosperity? That question is the theme of this month's debate between Francis

P. Garvan and Sir Charles A. Mander, Bart. But it can hardly be considered without reference to trade's medium of exchange, money. Whether the gold standard should be universally restored was discussed in April, 1935, by Dr. F. H. Fentener van Vlissingen, Major C. H. Douglas, and Dr. E. W. Kemmerer. An article by Sir Arthur Salter, bearing on subsequent developments, will be offered readers next month. Impartially presented statements of opinion of other significant proposals will follow.

Which one is *the* clutch—that essential *first* move which will prevent stripping social gears in the future? Peace and prosperity hang on the right choice. It behooves all—especially business men who have been harassed by the prolonged economic crisis—to think the problem through. Goodwill is important, for it is the lubricant of human relationships. But nothing can be substituted for its companion word in Rotary's Fourth Object: *Understanding*.

Toward Understanding

THOSE who are inclined to be pessimistic over muddled world affairs can find encouragement in the success of institutes of international relations. Usually meeting on college campuses and sponsored either by the colleges or by other interested groups, they have done much to advance understanding.

At Nashville, Tennessee, where Rotarians for two years have brought citizens together to listen to and participate in discussions on international problems, there was hope that the institute idea would be taken up elsewhere. That hope has not been in vain.

This summer, the Rotary Clubs in the 29th District (New York and Bermuda) and in the 56th District (Virginia) are taking full responsibility for an insti-

tute and a round table. And the 21st District (Ohio) is to hold a Peace Institute for University Students.

With at least ten other similar institutes scheduled for early Summer months in various parts of North America and Europe, Rotary Clubs have a practical opportunity to answer the oft-asked question "What can our Club do to further Rotary's Fourth Object?"

Without undertaking a great responsibility, Rotary Clubs can coöperate by giving publicity to the facts concerning the nearest Institute, by being represented there, and by assisting some capable student of college age or some teacher to attend. Further information and details as to the time and place of each Institute may be secured by writing to the Secretariat of Rotary International.

Honoring With Honor

HONORARY membership in a Rotary Club is not a perfunctory gesture of goodwill and appreciation. Rather, it is an award and a public recognition of a worthy service. "Once an honorary Rotarian, always one" is not a statement of fact—unless the membership is renewed by vote each year.

Many Rotary Clubs dignify formal announcement of the election with a ceremony. Often a subscription to *THE ROTARIAN* is given by the Club to the honored man, so that from month to month he may keep his finger on the pulsebeats of the Rotary movement. Not infrequently the occasion is commemorated with a token, perhaps a membership card engraved on silver plate. There are various ways of doing it, but the purpose of it all is to fix in the mind of the man receiving honorary membership the fact that he is, indeed, honored.

Abolishing Bashfulness

IF ALL men who have learned to "talk on their feet" in Rotary Clubs were laid end to end they might not be able to reach a conclusion—but they would make a good showing. Jesse Sprague, whose revelatory confessions of an ex-President appear elsewhere in this issue, is on safe grounds when he approvingly cites Rotary's contribution to the personal development of individuals. And he would certainly approve the understanding consideration shown to bashful members of the Rotary Club of Phoenix, Arizona.

This Club more than a year ago organized a pub-

lic-speaking class for Rotarians. For the first few weeks, a teacher was drafted from the local high school, who acted as instructor and gave constructive criticism. After the members of the group had gained a knowledge of the main points to be observed, they henceforth acted as their own critics.

The two most vexing problems faced by the oratorical tyros were lack of self-confidence and inability to think on their feet before an audience. But good-natured, coöperative coaching has succeeded and the "graduates" themselves now admit that they are pretty good. Well, not finished orators of course. But they can express themselves in public without the misgivings they used to have, and their knees aren't so inclined to emulate aspen leaves as before.

Phoenix Rotarians aren't selfish. They think their public-speaking class is a good idea—and wouldn't object to any other Club copying it outright.

Look Out at Nineteen!

SHUDDERS chased one another up the spines of citizens of a large American city recently when they read of four young hoodlums who were alleged to have beguiled a doctor to answer a mercy call, then killed him as he resisted a robbery that netted them \$5 a piece. One of the boys is 17 years of age; three are 19.

Their youthfulness is typical of a growing crime element everywhere. Records in the Federal Bureau of Investigation at Washington reveal that of all arrests in the United States listed for 1934, about 56 percent were of persons under 30. The largest age group is 19 years! From 15 years upwards, the criminality of the age groups increases rapidly until 19 is reached. Nineteen is "the dangerous age" for youth.

Why should crime appeal to boys hardly old enough to shave? The answer is no secret. Sanford Bates gave it in gist when he said: "The craving for distinction and leadership in our boys—common and natural to us all—must be satisfied somewhere else than in the purlieu of crime and degeneracy and squalor." Every reader of these lines appropriately can ask himself, whether those natural impulses of boys in his own community are to find their outlet in crime and degeneracy and squalor—or through employment or the Boy Scouts or Boys' Clubs or any of the score or more wholesome agencies that are ready to do their work if adequately supported by man and dollar-power.



Widespread distribution of the blessings of civilization should result in better markets, work for everyone, prosperity for all.

A Manufacturer Looks at Commerce

By Walter Alfred Olen

President, The Four Wheel Drive Auto Company

IT IS said that 5,000 years ago there lived in the Valley of the Thames, England, about 1,500 people, mostly hunters and fishermen, who drew their sustenance from the natural resources.

When invaders appeared from the neighboring hills and valleys, they were quickly repelled, as the natives firmly believed there was neither food nor room for more people. So, as a matter of self-preservation, outsiders were driven back over the hill, or the controversy settled by war. Later, as they learned to till the soil, farming developed and resulted in a few more being able to live in the valley, but still the valley was limited in caring for humanity.

One day someone from over the hill brought in a new spear which could be used in hunting wild deer, and traded it for food and beads. Thus the hunters were enriched by an improved hunting implement, and trading was added to hunting, fishing, and farming. Out of this experience grew an expansion of trade reaching over the hill, into the adjoining country, and finally across seas. Now there are living in the Valley of the Thames 15,000,000 people—living better, longer, and happier lives than when there were only 1,500.

Many blessings came to the people of that valley through learning the art of trading with their fellowmen and, because of it, England became one of the greatest trading centers of the world, adjusting itself to new things, recognizing and desiring new things. Because of its ability to trade it also learned the art of being able to adjust itself to a chang-

ing social, industrial, and political world.

For 300 years we in America have lived almost entirely from our natural resources. We have taken mineral from the mines, oil from the wells, and products from the forests. Our prosperity so far has been predicated largely upon agricultural production. All the necessities of life are produced by the farmer, and so we look to him for our prosperity just as the ancients looked to their natural resources of game, fish, and berries for their prosperity.

So far as the physical necessities are concerned, all people throughout the world are on an equal basis. We are told we each need, on the average, two pounds of solid food per day, whether we live in America, Germany, India, or the jungles of Africa. To this, we in America have, through inventions and human ingenuity, added 11½ tons of conveniences and luxuries. These blessings of civilization consist of the clothes we wear, the houses we live in, our public buildings, concrete roads, automobiles, jewels, home furnishings, and so on. Germany has reached 8 tons, the interior of China 1,500 pounds, the heart of India 500 pounds, and the jungles of Africa 50 pounds.

While we still must look to agricultural production for a great part of the necessities of life, we also must look to industry, trading, and the markets of the world for those comforts and conveniences of civilization that go to make up the principal part of the 11½ tons. The employment of labor to produce necessities is limited because our ability

to consume is restricted to two pounds per day, while the production of the luxuries of civilization is limited only by our ability to buy. Therefore in this latter field lie the greater possibilities for future employment.

It is the function of government to equalize the rights of individuals and groups of society, be they in the church, in corporations, in charities, or in industry. The ability of government officials to foresee the coming changes in these different activities of life determines whether the government will be capable of making those adjustments required in an ingenious, restless, changing civilization such as we now have.

WHILE it is possible that through our present industrial and social difficulties we may have no more than 10 or 11 tons for each person, the same genius that has built up our civilization from the barest necessities of life to our present level should be able to make the adjustments necessary to a continuing and increasing enjoyment of these blessings.

This much-to-be-desired result can be brought about in a large measure by Americans becoming like the early inhabitants of the Valley of the Thames, more interested and capable traders in the markets of the world. Remember, more than one billion people have an average of less than 1,500 pounds of the conveniences of our civilization.

Service above self must be our underlying policy; and when the manufacturers and merchants of the world realize the opportunities they have of carrying the blessings of civilization to the interior of China, to the untouchables of India, and even to the jungles of Africa, then there should be markets for all, work for everyone, and greater prosperity for all.

A Welcome to the Olympics

By Dr. Theodore Lewald

President, XIth Olympic Games Organizing Committee

MY Rotarian Friends: The Olympic idea and the Rotary aims have something in common. They are both concerned with the development of international understanding and goodwill. Both have an international organization.

The Olympic Games are the greatest international festival known to the world and have a most important influence on future developments. They summon the youth of all nations to come together for physical exercises carried out in accordance with the meaning and spirit of chivalry, to train and strengthen the bodily powers, and to teach them to take part as fair sportsmen in contests, however strenuous they may be, and cheerfully to greet the victory of others.

The primary aim of both ideas, Olympic as well as Rotarian, is the establishment of harmony and peace among the peoples of the earth.

The Olympic Games at Berlin will be celebrated on an extremely large scale: 50 nations from all the five continents and more than 5,000 athletes are going

to participate. The most beautiful, most suitable, and largest buildings, constructed with artistic skill, have been erected on a ground of 300 acres. During four weeks more than 4,000 young athletes from 50 nations will live together in the Olympic Village in mutual friendship and understanding.

The Olympic Games are not only athletic contests. In addition to the muscular and physical pentathlon, there is a pentathlon of the Muses. In accordance with the Olympic Statutes, an essential part of the Games consists of competitions in the realms of art: architecture, painting and graphic works, sculpture, literature, and music.

The symbol of the Olympic Games, devised by the French nobleman, Baron de Coubertin, who has created and revived the modern games, consist of five interlaced rings representing the five continents. To this symbol we have added another, a bell bearing the inscription "I Call the Youth of the World." It will ring out at the opening ceremony of the



Photo: Acme

Rotarian Dr. Theodore Lewald, who is president of the Federal Commission on Physical Training in Germany, is an official of the Olympics.

Games and at the commencement of the individual contests, and to it may be applied the words of the great German poet, Friedrich von Schiller, who in his poem *The Bell* says: "May it convey happiness to the world, and may its first sound echo peace."

We shall stage a festival play which will close with Schiller's *Ode to Joy* and the concluding part of Beethoven's *XIth Symphony*. When 100,000 persons are assembled on a glorious summer evening in the vast Berlin Stadium and Beethoven's hallowed music fills the air, then a magic and an emotion will be felt by all visitors privileged to listen to it under the symbol of peace and harmony of the nations.

Keeping in mind this community of ideas I, being a member for many years of the Rotary Club in Berlin and as President of the Organizing Committee for the XIth Olympic Games at Berlin in 1936, have the honor to invite you heartily, my Rotarian friends of the United States of America and of all those countries where there are Rotary Clubs, to come as our guests to the XIth Olympic Games which will be celebrated in Berlin from August 1st to 16th, 1936.

You will be welcomed with Olympic and Rotarian warmth and hospitality.

The 16-ton Olympia Bell, of cast steel, from whose mighty mouth will issue the call to the youth of the world to participate in the XIth Olympiad at Berlin, August 1 to 16.





Left: Rotarians and others of Wheeling, W. Va., suffered heavy loss from the rise of the Ohio River.

Below: Rescuing a day-old baby in flooded Hartford, Conn. . . . Carried from the second floor of her home, an elderly Scranton, Pa., woman is taken to a hospital. . . . Changing mounts: a girl of Mountain View, N. J., leaving her marooned car.

Photos: International; Wide World

Courage Under Fire—and Water

DESPITE man's ingenuity, despite science, despite advancing civilization, mankind is as powerless today before the force of the unleashed elements as he was in the days of Noah. Flood control, reforestation, devices and plans without end become mere shibboleths before the irresistible release of pent-up fury when melting snows and Spring rains turn brooks into torrents, burst dams, overflow dikes and levees.

The indomitable spirit, sequel to floods, fires, and tornadoes, which builds always better structures upon the ruins of catastrophe, is again at work in many sections of the United States. To more than 150 communities which suffered loss to greater or less degree, Rotary International, through the Secretariat, has sent letters of sympathy. Individual Rotarians throughout the devastated regions have given unstintingly of their time and substance in the administration of relief. District Governors of Rotary have made personal surveys, reporting to the Secretariat cases of special need. In many stricken regions Rotary Clubs have done more than their share in community service.

As soon as the appeal of the American Red Cross for flood relief contributions was released, the Central Office of Rotary International called the appeal to the attention of District Governors in the United States, and asked them to relay to their Clubs the information of this opportunity for service.

Clubs from California to Maine, from Texas to Canada, sent their contributions to the Red Cross. Messages of sympathy, too, were sent by many Rotary Clubs, not only in the United States but in other countries as well.

District Governors in the flood areas in many cases called their local Club Presidents together and worked out programs to meet the emergency.

From members of local Rotary Clubs have come reports of death, suffering, property loss. A kaleidoscopic review of the sorrow, the heroism, and the spirit of service engendered by these recent tragedies should arouse both the sympathy and the admiration of everyone.

Space limitations prevent printing excerpts from all the letters received, in response to its inquiries, by the Secretariat. Between the lines of all can be read suffering, heroism, cheerful sacrifice. An impressive feature of many letters is the attitude expressed in the words: "Things are

bad here, but they are worse in the next town." This minimizing of one's own troubles through sympathy with "the other fellow" is typical of dozens of letters received.

Quotations from letters of Rotarian District Governors and local Club Presidents paint a vivid picture. One of the most striking is the report of Wallace Journey, Rotary International Field Representative:

"From press reports you have learned about the terrible storms that have struck with fury over the South during the last few days. The most devastating of all, according to authoritative sources, was the tornado that struck with merciless fury through the very heart of the residential section of the beautiful little city of Tupelo last Sunday night.

"Rotarians Guy Barrett and John Rogers of Gainesville, Georgia were crushed by the falling walls of their four-story hardware building. Their bodies were consumed with six others when fire destroyed the wreckage. Rotarian Guy Davis, 'Variety Stores,' and his good wife were killed instantly by flying timbers or were crushed in the fall of their home, and I understand that one of their two injured sons died yesterday. Have not heard of the death of any other Rotarians. However, some here suffered the loss of loved ones and in many cases our members' houses were completely demolished."

A PICTURE of the activities of another Rotary Club in the flood region is graphically portrayed by the following excerpts from the Middletown, Connecticut, *Merry-Go-Round* for April 3, 1936:

"At the height of the emergency Sunday, March 22nd, it was impossible to get the directors together. Your President, isolated in Cromwell, was assured that his community would be the worst hit in proportion to its size of any in the valley. Without the delay for further authority he created a Middletown Rotary Flood Committee with Art Rhodes as chairman and himself as treasurer. While the flood was still raging it was apparent that efficient pumps to protect health and property against the polluted flood waters were one of the greatest needs. A factory manager was located at his home in New York, who promised us the first pump off the assembly line Monday, if we would send for it



and bring check. This was done, and the pump was in operation early Tuesday. Meanwhile, Art had two electric pumps of his own at work.

"The Rotary gasoline pump with its 8,000 gallons an hour capacity has done a wonderful job of salvage and sanitation in Cromwell. It will be paid for by the merchants and property owners who benefited by its purchase and will then be presented to the town, in the name of the Middletown Rotary Club, for future emergencies. Much credit goes to Art, whose supervision of this project and of the installation which solved the acute problem of shortage of town water occupied all his time for several days and nights.

"Connecticut's worst flood in history has played a part in the lives of Middletown Rotarians to a varied degree. At a time like this it is difficult to single out any individuals for special mention. Undoubtedly your greatest losers by actual flood damage were First President John and his partner Alfred. Then Earl Coots was pretty much under water, as were others to a lesser degree.

"At least two-thirds of the Club are working on some form of relief committee. However, the following probably went more continuous hours without sleep and change of clothing than the rest of us: Past-President Charlie Hoover, Tite, Hale, Art Rhodes, Sid Wallace, and Past-President 'Hip' Hippler. Many Rotarians served their communities in various relief agencies."

EQUALLY harrowing descriptions were received in other letters, quotations from some of which indicate that not only the dangers caused by the raging waters, but those caused by inadequate fire protection, insufficient drinking water, and disabled sanitary equipment were faced.

Buck Hill Falls, Pennsylvania: "We had a meeting yesterday and it was rather doleful. More than half the Clubs and considerably more than half the membership of the district are seriously affected by the floods. The statement was made that not 10 percent of the business men of Sunbury would be able to resume without Federal, or other, aid."

Tyrone, Pennsylvania: "Many Rotarians lost heavily, including one Past Governor in whose branch store there was water high enough to submerge the keyboards of pianos on display."

Cumberland, Maryland: "The water reached to within a foot of the ceiling of my office. The whole business district was inundated."

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: "Stranded in my home, surrounded by swirling waters, until some

boys in a canoe came along and paddled me to a higher section of town."

Port Jervis, New York: "We had many square blocks under three or four feet of water."

Lock Haven, Pennsylvania: "Lock Haven has been very hard hit. . . . There is scarcely a business place in the city that was not wrecked by the flood, and 75 percent of the residences were greatly damaged or completely ruined."

Athens, Pennsylvania: "Every business place in Athens was flooded, and many private homes were surrounded by a sea of water."

Concord, New Hampshire: "For more than two days we had no electricity or gas, and the supply of candles was completely exhausted."

One of the communities most seriously hit was Wheeling, West Virginia; the spirit of the Wheeling Rotary Club, reflected in the following letter, is exemplary of that shown by other Clubs from one end to the other of the flood region:

"It is true we had one of the worst floods that ever hit this section. Perhaps all the reports you received have not been exaggerated. It would be impossible to give you a description by letter, and perhaps it is just as well that we here keep our troubles to ourselves as much as possible, knowing at the same time that our friends are thinking of us, and helping those who have suffered most severely. The morale of our people is unusually high, and when they realized that everyone within the range of radio and newspapers was ready to help, it seemed they worked with renewed courage."

One more example of true Rotary spirit; this comes from Athol, Massachusetts:

"Athol had quite a time during the flood. More than 50 percent of our Club members were financially involved. Nearly all the others have been in one way or another helping in relief work. . . . Everyone took hold and helped. . . . We are emerging from the flood with courage, looking forward to a bright future."

The Rotary Club of Sharpsburg-Etna, Pennsylvania, U. S. A., undertook a splendid piece of community service in endeavoring to assist small merchants and sundry business men in its town, who suffered from the floods, to rehabilitate and continue their business.

The immediate emergency, happily, is over. But, as many Rotarians reported in their letters, it will be literally months before the property damage in some territories can be repaired; and some scars were left which will never heal. Yet out of this trial by fire and water and cyclone has again arisen the Phoenix of Rotary spirit—Service Above Self.



Photos: Acme; Wide World

Above: Mud and debris left in the streets of downtown Pittsburgh, Pa., following the flood. . . . A lawyer of South Hadley Falls, Mass., washing the mud off his law books after the river had left his office. . . . Pittsburgh business men "digging out"; pressure of the water broke huge windows.

Left: Death rode the whirlwind through this Mississippi town and left sorrow and destruction.



Rotary Around the World

News notes mirroring the varied activities of the Rotary movement.

Spain

Newsmen Are Guests

BARCELONA—Members of the Rotary Club of Barcelona set aside a meeting day recently for the entertainment of representatives of the Barcelona press.

Germany

Tryst for Olympic Visitors

GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN—While the winter Olympic Games were in process at Garmisch, members of the Rotary Club held a Rotary Round Table each day for the benefit of visiting Rotarians.

Panama

Meet on Panama Cruise

ROTARIANS from 11 cities in the United States and one member from Ballarat, Australia, met aboard the good ship *Pennsylvania* on its Panama cruise recently for a spirited and long-to-be-remembered Rotary session.

Portugal

Assist Youth in School Career

LISBON—A young student who, due to the loss of his father, would otherwise have had to leave school, was enabled to continue his studies through assistance given him by the Lisbon Rotary Club.

Cuba

Promote Daily Air Service

YAGUAJAY—Because the Rotary Club of this city urged the establishment of an airport, Yaguajay citizens now have the convenience of daily plane service.

Poland

Aid City's Charities

LÓDZ—The Rotary Club of Łódź is giving material assistance to several charitable institu-



Solicitous Japanese hosts to a pair of 'round-the-world junketers—Ted Lyon (left) and his brother Dick, sons of Rotarian H. B. Lyon of Oakland, Calif.,—were Baron Yashushi Togo, a distinguished Tokyo Rotarian, and his son.

tions in the city, and all the members are participating in work on community problems. Since its inception three years ago, the Club, which now has 25 members, has evidenced much interest in community welfare, its procedure being to study the problem first, then to act on it.

Belgium

Friendship Promotion—A Club Aim

BRUSSELS—Each member of the International Service Committee of the Brussels Rotary Club has been assigned a certain number of Rotary

Clubs in some country or geographical area between which Clubs and his own Club it is his duty to encourage good-fellowship and international friendship.

Denmark

Twice Educated Rotarians

COPENHAGEN—In addition to the four meetings which all Rotary Clubs devote to Rotary education each year, the Rotary Club of Copenhagen holds four more for the instruction of new members.

New Zealand

Movement for Cripples Grows

AUCKLAND—School children, business men, laborers, and housewives—all show great enthusiasm in the work of the New Zealand Crippled Children Society, in the organization of which New Zealand Rotarians played a prominent part. By late Spring members in



Two hundred fifty letters, all bearing messages of goodwill, recently sped to all parts of the earth from the hands of the Fellowship Committee of the Rotary Club of Alhambra, Calif.: (left to right) Rotarians Hal Miller, W. W. Kaler, Will Vaughn, William Perrine, and J. C. Metcalf.



Photo: Eres

A picturesque, if touching, sight it was when these cold, hungry families—almost one hundred of them—of Subotica, Yugoslavia, came with their wheelbarrows to carry home food and fuel distributed not long ago by the Rotary Club of that city.

charge of the campaign, among whom are several Rotarians, hope to raise the sum of £15,000 required to complete the endowment fund for the Wilson Home for Crippled Children.

City Children Learn to Farm

DANNEVIRKE—Farm neighbors were delighted to help entertain the two dozen under-privileged boys and girls for whom Rotarians of Dannevirke provided a vacation on an up-to-date, well-managed farm.

Straits Settlements

Room to Romp . . . Sweets to Eat

MALACCA—Members of the Malacca Rotary Club are busy with plans for a large, well-equipped Rotary playground. Poor children in the city, who will use the playground, were also provided with many holiday treats by Malacca Rotarians.

Boys . . . Poverty . . . Party . . . Prizes

PENANG—There were 22 athletic events for the 200 poor boys who attended the party given in their behalf by the Penang Rotary Club. With a profusion of prizes, most of them useful articles, few boys went away empty-handed.

China

Medical Care for 3,000

AMOY—Though it has been in operation but a few months, the free medical clinic maintained by the Rotary Club of Amoy has already given treatment to more than 3,000 poor patients. The municipal council has provided housing and necessary fixtures for the clinics; supplies and the salaries of attendants are paid monthly by the Rotary Club; three Rotarian and several non-Rotarian doctors donate their services.

A Silver Spoon Per Baby

HANGCHOW—Rotarians of Hangchow follow the agreeable custom of presenting a silver spoon to each child born to a member of the Hangchow Rotary Club.

Yugoslavia

2,000 Dinar vs. Twisted Limbs

SARAJEVO—The sum of 2,000 Dinar was recently donated to an organization for crippled children by the Sarajevo Rotary Club.

14 Playgrounds to Be Established

ZAGREB—Because Zagreb Rotarians have given continued attention to the lack of suitable playgrounds in their city, the matter was finally brought to the attention of local school direc-

tors. Now, the new town plan of Zagreb calls for establishment of 14 new playgrounds.

For 60 Small Feet, 60 New Shoes

BITOLJ—Thirty pairs of shoes were recently given to needy school children by the Rotary Club of Bitolj.

France

Holidays for the Poor

BORDEAUX—In addition to their carefully planned program of community assistance, Bordeaux Rotarians this year provided money for two well-attended holiday functions for poor people. A thousand francs were also donated for the help of juvenile delinquents.

207,600 Francs to Charity

LYON—In the past year the Rotary Club of Lyon has donated the sum of 27,000 francs to various charitable activities. Over an eight-year period, a total of 207,600 francs has been given to charity by the Club.

Australia

80 Boys . . . For Them a Picnic

DANDENONG—Eighty youths from the Port Melbourne Boys Settlement recently attended a picnic in this city, given by Rotarians of Dandenong and Melbourne.

Garden Contest Grows Up

WARRNAMBOOL—The annual garden-plot contest initiated by the Warrnambool Rotary Club five years ago is now fully launched and has been turned over for management to a general committee of civic societies.

Fun for Poultry Farmers

ADELAIDE—Children (over 300 of them) of destitute families who have been established as poultry farmers in the hills districts, were given a picnic recently by Adelaide Rotarians.

England

Keep List of Blood Donors

COLCHESTER—Comprehensive lists of names of voluntary blood donors have been compiled and classified into proper blood groups by the Rotary Club of Colchester. The Rotarian in charge of this service, or a substitute, is on constant call of hospital staffs so that the response to any emergency transfusion will be immediate.

Jobless Build Center

BRISTOL—Unemployed men in an industrial district of Bristol, a survey showed, were desperately in need of an occupational center. Rotarians of Bristol, therefore, began the or-

ganization of a club where the jobless men might be given vocational training and might take recreation. A quiet appeal to Rotary Club members and other civic-minded citizens resulted in a fund sufficient to purchase building materials, and in the donation of a building site. Unemployed men who are working on the project are being provided with shelter, meals, and a few small luxuries, such as tobacco.

Old Brewery Becomes Boys' Club

GOSPORT—Observing that boys in a certain district were spending most of their time in the streets, Gosport Rotarians concluded that some club accommodations must be provided for them. First step was the rental of a deserted brewery in the neighborhood, for a nominal sum; second, necessary repairs and the provisions for shower baths, billiard tables, and a gymnasium; third, the presentation of the club to city authorities, though it is to be run under Rotary Club supervision.

Canada

Quintuplets' Doctor Addresses Club

QUEBEC, QUE.—Dr. Allan R. Dafeo, physician to the Dionne quintuplets whose existence is one of the great miracles of modern medical history, recently addressed 200 members and guests of the Quebec Rotary Club at a dinner the Club held in his honor. Dr. Dafeo discussed in detail the care which the children are receiving and told of the protection from commercial exploitation that is assured them.

Vivisect Rotary's Magazine

WOODSTOCK, ONT.—An objective, painstaking analysis of THE ROTARIAN, in which six members offered unbiased opinions of and suggestions for the magazine, highlighted a recent program of the Woodstock Rotary Club. Tabulations of the nationality of authors, and a study of the nature of the articles, of typography, and of layouts were included . . . In the same meeting it was announced that crippled children activities of the Club would go forward at increased speed since a gift of \$500, part of a bequest left to the Rotary Club by the late J. H. Thomas, of Ingersoll, had just been received.

Befriends Crippled Children

TORONTO, ONT.—An outstanding example of the individual service of a Rotarian is that of a member of the Toronto Rotary Club. This member has for several years arranged for many six-to-twelve-day Great Lakes excursions for crippled children. In some cases mothers in poor health, and nurses, when required, have accompanied the children. Last year this Toronto Rotarian arranged for trips for 50 crippled

children who were accompanied by 23 adults. Trips were made on large grain boats where the children had the full possession of the ship. For 12 children, who were unable to walk, these trips were their first and only experience away from home.

For Rotary Singing at Home

TORONTO, ONT.—Because of his own keen pleasure in the newly published Rotary Song Book, a Toronto Rotarian who prefers to remain anonymous, presented each member with a copy for use in his own home.

Honor Old Line Banker

ROTARY CLUB OF THE BOUNDARY, ROCK ISLAND, QUE.—Friends from New Hampshire and Vermont, and from the entire Province of Quebec joined with Rotarians of The Boundary in observing the 50th anniversary of Judge D. W. Davis' association with the National Bank of the Derby Line.

"Good Sports" Promote Sports

COBourg, ONT.—Financing the local skating rink which had fallen into bad repair was one of the chief activities of the Cobourg Rotary Club during the Winter. Dressing rooms and other improvements were provided, and Rotarians promoted hockey games among the youths of the city. Last Summer the Club hired a swimming instructor to teach diving, swimming, and life-saving. Many children learned to swim, and rewards were given to the most skilled.

Students Give International Flavoring

MONTREAL, QUE.—Interested in Rotary's potentialities as an international unifier, the Rotary Club of Montreal recently inducted eight "International Guest Members," students of non-Anglo Saxon origin who are attending the universities in the city. Ineligible for membership under the regular classifications but deemed an asset to Rotary's Fourth Object work because of their interest in other lands, the men were heartily welcomed into the Club and were marked by distinguishing luncheon badges. The eight, representing as many countries, were chosen from a considerably larger number.

United States

Rotary Broadcasts Win Favor

DEL RIO, TEX.—Enthusiastic response has followed the presentation of two radio broadcasts by the Rotary Club of Del Rio this year. *Rotary and Its Ideals* and *Pan Americanism* were the themes of the programs, both of which were

transmitted by Station XERA, Villa Acuna, Coahuila. The most recent of the broadcasts was a part of an international relations program and dinner staged by the Del Rio Rotary Club. It was attended by about 300 members and guests. An elaborate floor show, produced and presented by home talent, was a part of the gala event.

265 Celebrate Rotary's 31st

FORT COLLINS, COLO.—Though situated in an area where visitors must travel long distances, the Fort Collins Rotary Club celebrated the 31st anniversary of Rotary International with a record crowd of 265 persons. The Denver Rotary Club sent the largest delegation—50 Rotarians.

A Cotton Bale—Greetings from Tunica

TUNICA, MISS.—As a gesture of friendship and goodwill, Rotarians of Tunica last Christmas sent souvenir bales of cotton to about 100 Rotary Clubs. Replies received from overseas Rotarians have given the club a number of valuable suggestions for its own international program. Tunica Rotarians for a number of years have maintained close relations with the Belfast, Ireland, Rotary Club, and have been privileged to send books to "Childhaven," an orphans' home which the Belfast Rotary Club sponsors.

Note of Sympathy

PORTSMOUTH, VA.—To its parent club, Portsmouth, England, the Rotary Club of Portsmouth in Virginia recently sent a set of resolutions, penned on parchment, conveying a message of sympathy on the passing of His Late Majesty, King George V.

Issue Birthday Booklet

SHERMAN, TEX.—At their recent 13th birthday party, Sherman Rotarians issued an attractive booklet giving the history of their club, and other interesting information regarding their city.

Youth Speaks on Youth

SHARPSBURG-ETNA, PA.—Believing that they might receive useful suggestions for their boys' work from boys themselves, Rotarians of Sharpsburg-Etna recently invited 30 boys, leaders from three high schools, to a Rotary luncheon. Prior to the program each boy was handed a slip containing the question, "If you were a member of the Boys' Work Committee what ideas could you suggest which, in your mind, would make this committee function in a more capable manner?"

The boys were asked to write a short essay in reply, the best one to be read to the Club. The prize-winning essay, read a few weeks later, contained these suggestions: consultation with boys themselves; guidance in careers; assistance in obtaining part-time or vacation work; formation of boys' clubs; and supervision of existing youth activities.

Meet Sweetens City Rivalry

LENOIR CITY, TENN.—Something toward sweetening small-town rivalry was accomplished by a meeting sponsored by the Lenoir City Rotary Club. Members of the Lions Club of Loudon, Tenn., and members of the Civitan Club of Lenoir City were guests. The common ground upon which goodwill was built was every member's interest in sports, the Loudon County chapter of the Tennessee Federation of Sportsmen growing out of the gathering.

From Music to Money to Health

PORTLAND, ORE.—How the Rotary Club of Portland turns music into money and money into help for crippled children is an interesting story. Under the sponsorship of the Club a male chorus of 75 voices, imported from Eugene, Ore., has presented four concerts, the net returns of which have been over \$7,000. The proceeds are to provide orthopedic devices for crippled children at a crippled children's hospital. Crowds of 5,000 have attended the concerts. Hotels have contributed lodging for the singers free of charge. Newspapers have assisted with free advertising.

Lone Scouting for Lone Lads

MONTICELLO, N. Y.—High-school boys whose homes are so distantly situated that they can not conveniently join Scout troops are not to be denied the fun of joining a boys' club—thanks to the aid of the Monticello Rotary Club. A Lone Scout Tribe, which meets in the school building and which already has a membership of 39, is sponsored for them by the Club. Once a year the Boy Scouts invite the Lone Scouts over, ply them with barbecued beef. Once a year the Lone Scouts reciprocate with an equally hearty lunch.

Noted Rotarians to Address Institute

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—Among speakers to be presented on the program of the Institute of Public Affairs which will be held at the University of Virginia, July 6 to 11, under the sponsorship of the Rotary Club of Charlottesville, are many prominent Rotarians, among them: Dr. Walde-mar Von Scheven, Baden Baden, Germany;

It was a truly international group that celebrated in one happy evening the fourth anniversary of the Rotary Club of Tsinan, China, and the 31st birthday of Rotary. Nine different nationalities were represented by members and their guests.



H. W. Almy, Torquay, England; Maurice Duperrey, Paris, France; William de Cock Buning, The Hague, Netherlands; Henry James Guthrie, Dunedin, New Zealand; Clare Martin, Cairo, Egypt; Sydney W. Pascall, Surrey, England; Count Guido Varlo Visconti di Modrone, Florence, Italy. Since its inception in 1927, the Institute, held each Summer on the University campus, has grown rapidly in popularity. In 1935 over 2,500 people registered, and as many as 6,000 attended one of the outstanding lectures.

"Hot News" at Lunch Time

ALHAMBRA, CALIF.—The news—international, national, state, and local—just as it comes sizzling off the press wires, is served up to Rotarians and members of other service clubs in Alhambra at their weekly luncheons, through the courtesy of a local newspaper and a world-wide

news service. A reporter appears in the several meetings and reads the latest wire dispatches, giving the news several hours before it reaches the newsstands.

Regular Greetings from a Regular

SCRANTON, PA.—An octogenarian member of the Scranton Rotary Club (Herbert C. Bailey, whose picture appeared in the May ROTARIAN) has a custom worth emulating. He telephones birthday greetings to every member, a rite he has performed almost without deviation since he joined the Club 22 years ago. Should a member be out of the city on his birthday, Rotarian Bailey mails congratulations and good wishes.

All There Four Times

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Four 100 percent attendance meetings with no averages during the

contest period falling below 97 percent is the challenging record of the Peekskill Rotary Club. This achievement, members proudly point out, was made in spite of the treachery of the gripe and the lure of the Southland, both of which conspired to spoil the record.

Back to the Farm—for Lunch

ROBSTOWN, TEX.—Rotarians of Robstown promote friendship with farmers by holding their club luncheons in a rural community occasionally.

Art in Record Keeping

CHARLESTON, S. C.—To report the attendance of visiting Rotarians to their home secretaries and also to inform the world of the beauties of Charleston, the local Rotary Club uses an interesting postal card. On one side it bears views of the famed Charleston gardens, on the other, a brief report of the visitor's attendance. Many Rotary Club secretaries who have received the cards have given hearty endorsement to the plan.

Float of Flowers and Flags

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—Thousands of dew-fresh flowers and scores of national flags went into the building of a float which won first prize for the St. Petersburg Rotary Club in a recent festival parade. The exhibit pictured Rotary's international scope.

Club Backs Scout Show

CLEVELAND, O.—A Boy Scout Merit Badge Exposition, held in a public auditorium recently, was sponsored by the Rotary Club of Cleveland. Some 60 troops entered exhibits, and each troop was assigned a member of the Club as a sponsor of its exhibit.

Encourage World Study

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBR.—Geography classes in Plattsmouth have gained much in interest since students there have been given opportunity to carry on correspondence with children in other countries. Maps are kept up to the minute; letters are received and translated. Souvenirs from other lands sometimes arrive. Local Rotarians have endorsed and aided the project.

Club Weighs, Measures City

BAY CITY, TEX.—Members of the Bay City Rotary Club have made a survey of their town to compare it with a model community of similar size, and to learn its requirements.

23/24ths of the Presidents Present

LOUISVILLE, KY.—If it's Rotary records you are thinking of, here is one to consider—and to applaud. Of the 24 Past Presidents of the Rotary Club of Louisville, 23 were present at the speakers table in a recent meeting. And the 24th wired from a distant point regretting that he couldn't appear. Robert L. Hill, a Past President of Rotary International, addressed the meeting.

Each His Brother's Record Keeper

MERCEDES, TEX.—Attendance is maintained at a high level in the Mercedes Rotary Club through a system whereby one member looks after another's attendance.

Restored—Life to One Cabin!

MONROE, MICH.—"Whenever you get a group of women behind a movement," observe Rotarians of Monroe, "things will 'hum'," and as proof of that assertion they offer this story:



Rotarian Almanack 1936

*Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.*

—Robert Herrick

JUNE

—the 6th month, deriveth its name from Juno, Roman goddess of women and marriage.



Now approacheth the June exodus—that multitude of youths who, having hearkened well to the preceptors and wrestled sturdily with the books of great wisdom, forsake the peaceful campus for the unsollicitous world outside. Ambition, ideals, joy of living—they have these. But whether they shall lose them directly shall be decided by their inevitable elders. From the older world they deserve patience, encouragement, and definite help. For of that older world they are the children.

—YE MAN WITH
YE SCRATCHPAD

- 4—1927, Rotary reaches Bolivia with the organization of the Rotary Club of La Paz.
- 5—1873, Guy Gundaker, 13th President of Rotary International, is born.
- 1922, The International Association of Rotary Clubs is renamed Rotary International in the 13th Annual Convention, at Los Angeles, Calif.
- 6—1869, Birthday of Arch C. Klumph, 6th President of Rotary International.
- 1930, The first Rotary Club in Straits Settlements is organized at Singapore.
- 7—1921, The Rotary Club of Wellington, New Zealand, is organized—first in the country.
- 8—1936, Annual pre-Convention meeting of the Board of Directors of Rotary International opens for a five-day session in Chicago.
- 13—1921, The 12th Annual Convention of Rotary International, the first to be held off the North American Continent, opens at Edinburgh, Scotland, on this date.
- 15—1936, The 1936 International Assembly opens at The Inn at Buck Hills Falls, Pennsylvania.
- 17—1917, E. Leslie Pidgeon, first President of Rotary International chosen from outside the United States, is elected at Atlanta, Ga.
- 22—1936, The 27th Annual Convention of Rotary International opens at Atlantic City, N. J.
- 1931, Sydney W. Pascall, first European to be chosen President of Rotary International, is elected at the 22nd Annual Convention in Vienna, Austria.



Some years ago the Monroe Rotary Club built a cabin for local Boy Scouts. Strenuous and lively use was made of it for a long time but finally the boys stopped visiting it. Lately the Rotary Club offered the cabin to the Camp Fire Girls of the city, and since that moment the sturdy building has had no vacation. Reservations for its use have been made months in advance by the girl groups. Other adult organizations are now aiding in the improvement of the building and grounds.

\$220—Town Talent's Gift

PROSSER, WASH.—As the result of a benefit entertainment which Prosser Rotarians sponsored with the aid of several other Rotary Clubs in Yakima Valley, the Children's Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle, Wash., has \$220 more with which to work. The program, patterned after radio's popular amateur hours, made use of the town talent, and a dance followed.

"Bigger and Better" Hobby Fair

XENIA, O.—More than 500 exhibits which ranged all the way from a house-size bird sanctuary to a collection of carved walnut shells were shown in the fifth annual Green County Boys' Hobby Fair sponsored by the Xenia Rotary Club. The quality of the entries was said to be superior to those of any previous year. Interest in the event is growing rapidly.

Youths Offer World Glimpses

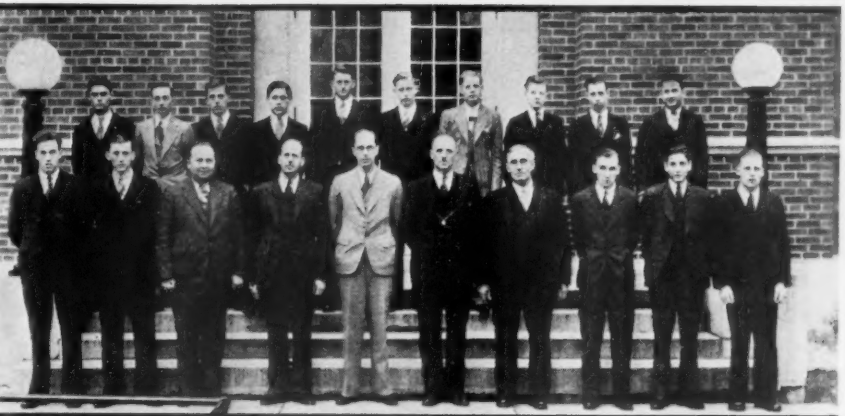
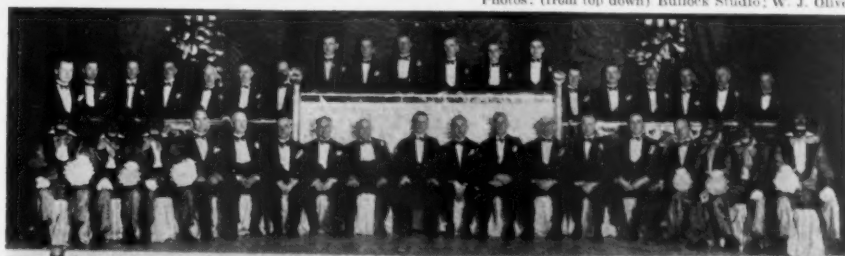
STAUNTON, VA.—Vivid glimpses of life and conditions in other countries were given members of the Rotary Club of Staunton recently when a number of overseas students attending schools in the city addressed the Club. National anthems of many nations were sung by the large group of visitors, and intelligent, carefully collected observations on European and South American nations were offered.

Charter Day on an Island

OAK HARBOR, WASH.—To help the Rotary Club of Oak Harbor celebrate its Charter Day, 23 Rotarians from three Olympic Peninsular Clubs travelled to the island city and participated in the festivities. Stanley Long, Governor of District I of Rotary International, presented the charter. A government vessel, the use of which was procured by one of the visiting Rotarians, transported the visitors from the three Rotary Clubs, Port Angeles, Port Townsend, and Sequim, from the mainland to the island. To the Oak Harbor Rotary Club came many gifts from other Washington Rotary Clubs: From Bellingham, a U.S. flag; from Everett, a gavel; from Mount Vernon, a bell; from Seattle, a Rotary shield; from Sedro-Woolley, a gavel; from New Westminster, a Canadian flag.

Good fellows (and girls) in groups: (from the top down) Minstrels of the Seneca Falls, N. Y., Rotary Club who earned a sizeable sum for city charities . . . Past Presidents and notables at a recent dinner of the Rotary Club, High River, Alta., Canada . . . Girls of a camp sponsored by the Panama City Rotary Club . . . Kemptville, Ont., Canada, high-school boys and Kemptville and Potsdam, N. Y., Rotarians at a friendship meeting in Potsdam . . . Sale, Australia, Rotarians cut a Cheshire cheese sent to them by the Rotary Club of Sale, England.

Photos: (from top down) Bullock Studio; W. J. Oliver



Our Readers' Open Forum

[Continued from page 2]

was at all times focused on the particular matter under consideration.

While General Wickersham had a very broad experience, was connected with many societies and organizations, I think it is well within the truth to say that no one of them did he give more zealous devotion than he gave to the American Law Institute. Its work grows daily in the appreciation of the bar and bench of the country and in time its merits will come to be more fully recognized by the general public. General Wickersham's name will be forever associated with this great contribution to jurisprudence.

MARVIN B. ROSENBERY, *Rotarian*
Chief Justice, Supreme Court of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

For More Confidence in Law

As a court reporter for over thirteen years, I was very much interested in Mr. George W. Wickersham's article (April issue).

If the restatement principle expressed will prove untrue that the more you try to simplify the law the more complicated it becomes, if it will lessen the "injustice of justice," believed by so many to be the situation, the public is sure to have more confidence in the courts, the legislatures, and the legal profession, and will praise this work of the American Law Institute.

V. E. BROWN, *Rotarian*
Classification: Court Stenographer
Rochester, New York

Yes, 'Tis a Small World

You will agree with me, I am sure, that our magazine, THE ROTARIAN, makes the world a smaller place as well as a happier one in which to live, especially when I tell you of a very strange happening that occurred in my office recently.

His dental operation finished, Mr. C. Titus decided to wait in the reception room until we made radiographs of Mrs. Titus' teeth, and chanced to pick up my December (1935) ROTARIAN. Imagine his surprise when he discovered the frontispiece (reproduced at the right) was a view of a woodland very close to his boyhood home. He came in with tears in his eyes to show me the initials he had carved in the birch bark.

CHARLES V. McCORMACK, *Rotarian*
Classification: Exodontist
Gary, Indiana

Competitive Merchants Coöperating

Rotary, since its inception some years ago by Paul Harris, has inaugurated and put into practice a number of activities, all noteworthy as they are for the benefit of mankind, namely the Community Service idea, the sponsoring of the Boy Scout movement, community welfare work, and the "big brother" idea of extending a helping hand to the underprivileged boy, and the famous Fourth Object, furthering the cause



Photo: Clarence A. Purchase

of peace throughout the world, not in the rôle of a pacifist, but in the name of justice and humanity.

These precepts alone are sufficient to justify Rotary's existence, but there is one more thing Rotary has done and done well, and that is the fine spirit of fellowship it has created amongst its members, by removing the imaginary barrier between them enabling them to realize that the other fellow is a pretty good scout after you know him better (apropos the May debate-of-the-month, *Is My Competitor My Enemy?*).

Years ago, merchants in the same line of business were seldom friendly, always suspicious of each other, ready to cut each other's throat by ugly unethical competition. But with the advent of Rotary and the service club idea, that feeling has disappeared. Competitive merchants today are coöperating for their own and for the good of the entire community. It is a common occurrence nowadays for a merchant when out of a certain article, to direct the prospective customer to a competitor's place of business, something unheard of in the pre-Rotary days. . . .

MAX BRADLOR, *Rotarian*
Men's Clothing, Retail
Huntington Park, Calif.

'Your Rival . . . Your Enemy'

Thanks for a 'very one-sided debate (May issue). Never before have I been moved to write an editor. I suggest that you view practically *Is My Competitor My Enemy?* He is your rival at least, and your enemy in fact, and you must out-think him always.

Mr. Ryckman did not say that the fit who survived were ruthless, mean, tyrannical, unjust, etc. On the contrary, they would be sincere, honest, fair, aggressive, smiling. By any odds, the only competitor who could defeat a "Surviving victor" would be one more sincere, more honest, more fair, most aggressive, and with a still bigger smile.

Besides, a competitor isn't always in the same line of business. Take for example the case of Figs and Prunes vs. Oranges and Grapefruit, or that of the Fur Coat vs. the new family Auto.

So, if you give a break and let up on your energy, or weaken in your fight, your competitors will be more than friendly rivals; they will be positive enemies to your bare existence.

BERNARD LOCKE, *Rotarian*
Classification: Ladies' Ready-to-wear
Independence, Kansas

ROTARY UNUSUALS by THE MAN WITH THE SKETCH PAD

THIS IS GETTING MONGTOUNOUS!

IN THE DAYTONA BEACH, FLA. ROTARY CLUB ARE—

ALEX HERMANSON, BUILDING CONTRACTOR, WHO HAD THREE SHIPS SHOT OUT FROM UNDER HIM DURING THE WAR

E.F. DE LA HAYE, ARCHITECT, WHO SPOKE ONLY FRENCH WHEN HE CAME TO AMERICA—BUT HE STRUCK OUT 37 MEN IN A DOUBLE-HEADER BALL GAME!

ROTARIAN COLONEL JOSEPHUS ADOLPHUS AMERICUS VESPUCCIUS LEONIDUS WOLSCIANICUS NAPHTALICUS ALEXANDRICUS LUCIUS QUINTIUS CININNATUS WOLFSON OF MANILA, P.I., HAS THE LONGEST NAME IN THE WORLD, SAYS "BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT" RIPLEY.

FROM LOS ANGELES ON JUNE 22, 1922, PROCEEDINGS OF A ROTARY CONVENTION WERE FOR THE FIRST TIME BROADCAST BY RADIO. THE ANNOUNCER WAS DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

UNUSUAL NAME DEPARTMENT
A.D. MINGLE
IS APPROPRIATELY NAMED SECRETARY OF THE ROTARY CLUB AT ROARING SPRING, PA.
"HAP" HAZARD
IS A BANKER AND A PAST PRESIDENT OF THE ROTARY CLUB AT HELENA, MONTANA

THEY OUGHT TO BE ON A "SOUND" BASIS

THERE ARE ROTARY CLUBS IN THESE ODDLY NAMED CITIES—
JUJUY (HOO-HOOEY) ARGENTINA
LLAY-LLAY (YI-YI) CHILE
SOLO, JAVA, NETHERLANDS INDIES
SPLIT, YUGOSLAVIA
BAD AXE, MICHIGAN
LOVELAND, COLORADO
MOOSE JAW, SASK., CANADA

Once I Was President

[Continued from page 21]

offices and at once forget all about it.

"When we first started our Club, in 1912, there were several of us who wondered what it was all about. We would ask each other: 'What is a Rotary Club for, anyhow? Is it a sort of ethical society? Or is it a strictly business organization?' Business men in those days didn't have many intimacies with other business men. Month after month he went from his home to his business in the morning, and back again at night. In business there was always a sense of loneliness. Whatever troubles he had he faced by himself.

"But then he joined the Rotary Club. He wasn't lonesome any more. The weekly Rotary meeting was an oasis where he was surrounded by a lot of business men just like himself. They had the same troubles and the same general experiences. They all went out of their way to be friendly with him. And the friendliness was especially desirable because the Rotarians were, you might say, a hand-picked lot; not many were 'big business men'; the majority had been chosen because they were all right personally and socially.

"When I was President of our Club we had several members who weren't considered very heavy members; none had ever been a director or on an important committee. I decided to test one of them. I made him Chairman of the Public Relations Committee. During that whole year no one put in harder or more conscientious work than he did. At the end of my administration I told him how much I appreciated it, and he said:

"I'm afraid, Prexy, I'm not a very orthodox member of the Club. I don't get heated up terribly over some of our more altruistic projects. If someone were to tell me to jump in the river for the greater glory of Rotary, I don't believe I'd do it. But you've congratulated me on the work I've done this year, so I'll tell you something: I wouldn't lose my membership in the Club for anything in the world. I love the friendships I've made more than I can say. And so when you made me a committee chairman I couldn't let my friends down, could I?"

Here is still another ex-Presidential blast:

"I think our Club takes itself too seriously. The funny thing is, nine-tenths of the members feel the same way I do.



THERE is so much to see and do in Virginia—and the Dedication of the great Shenandoah National Park is set for July 3rd! Last year, over five hundred thousand people visited this magnificent park area—more than visited any other of the country's big parks! Thousands more came just to golf, fish, bathe at Virginia's famous seashore; to visit the scenes of some of the most stirring events in history; or to motor over the Old Dominion's broad scenic highways. The mountains, the ocean and history land beckon!

This year, what an opportunity awaits you! Combine a trip to Virginia with the Annual Convention and "take in" the Shenandoah Park Dedication. Motor over Skyline Drive—the miracle roadway on the crest of the Blue Ridge traversing the Park. Spend a little while at the Seashore, before or after the Dedication. See Colonial Williamsburg, Yorktown, Jamestown and Cape Henry. No trip to Virginia is complete, either, without visits to some of the Natural Wonders and the Great Mountain Empire in Southwest Virginia.

STATE COMMISSION ON CONSERVATION AND DEVELOPMENT

Department H

914 Capitol Street

Richmond, Virginia



When writing State Commission on Conservation and Development, please mention "The Rotarian"

Out of a membership of 180, only half a dozen are by nature terribly serious. But these half dozen wield a good deal of influence. We all like them because we know how sincere they are, we respect them for their good intentions, so we let them shape the policies of the Club to a great extent.

"I guess every Club is more or less that way. Last Fall some of us talked about putting on a show, something like the Gridiron Club's in Washington, with some humorous skits poking fun at local affairs. We thought the show would do the members and invited guests good

after all these depression years. It would cost a couple of hundred dollars, and we took it up with the board of directors. One of our terribly serious members was a director. He objected: 'Oh, no, it wouldn't be right to spend all that money on a show just to make people laugh. We should take the money and bring some nationally known lecturer to town who will give us a constructive message.'

"We had the nationally known lecturer. I didn't think he was so good."

So much for my interviews with ex-Presidents in different parts of the coun-

try. Now I beg to say something for myself. I promise not to call it a Constructive Message. It is just something I have had on my mind.

It started with what a chamber of commerce secretary once said to me: "Every chamber of commerce is divided into two classes. One class is composed of members who worry all the time for fear they will be called on to get up in meeting and make a speech. The other class is composed of members who worry for fear they *won't* be called on to make a speech!"

Of course there aren't many Rotarians who worry for fear they *won't* be called on. But I know from personal experience that there are plenty who would worry themselves sick if they had to get up before the Club tomorrow and make a formal address.

SOME of them are right in your own Club. Probably you don't know them because they are generally ashamed of their bashfulness and don't tell anyone.

The most extreme case I ever knew came to my notice when I was Club President. One day I learned that the president of one of our factories had sent in his resignation. He hadn't given any reason.

That afternoon I went to see him. He was a big man physically and had that competent, reliable air that you so often see in a successful business man. When I asked why he was resigning from the Club he made some excuse about not having time to attend the meetings. But before I left he confessed the real reason:

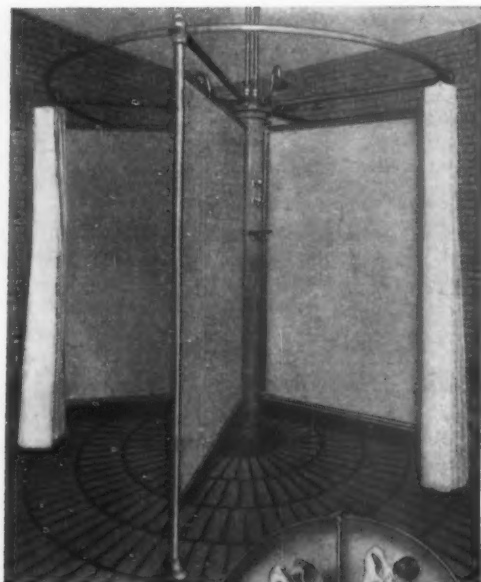
"I'm afflicted with an unreasoning bashfulness. If my life depended on it, I couldn't stand up before an audience and say a single sentence. Ever since I joined the Club I have sat at the meetings in a nervous panic for fear I'd be called on. It gets worse and worse. I just can't stand the agony of it."

I told George that as long as I was President he could come to meetings with the absolute assurance that he wouldn't be called on. He stayed in the Club on that basis.

We had another member with the same affliction. He was a self-made man and richer than almost anyone in the Club. At one meeting we were putting on an informal little show, and he was slated to walk across an improvised stage wearing a policeman's helmet and carrying a club. We were behind the scenes waiting for our act when he came to me shaking from head to foot. "I can't cross that stage," he said. "I simply can't do it, that's all!"

Someone else had to take the helmet

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One installation gives you five showers in one group—just one hot and one cold water supply and one drain for five showers.

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Bradley Street Showers have given youngsters in many towns and cities, relief and fun. Ideal for Rotary Club sponsorship—easily attached to hydrants or other water outlets.



When writing to "Bradley," please mention "The Rotarian" Magazine

and the club and walk across the stage.

Of course these are extreme cases. Probably there aren't any members of your Club as bashful as that. But every Club has a good many members who are, you might say, on the border line of bashfulness. If I may inject a personal note, I am that way myself. I can preside at a meeting, make an announcement, or introduce a speaker, and be perfectly calm. But not a regular speech! Every once in a while, probably because I write for magazines, I get an offer to go somewhere and make an address. They even offer money. I always write back and say I am engaged upon some very important work that editors are clamoring for. But the true reason is that if I engaged to make an address I should lie awake nights in a cold sweat for a week ahead. And when I got up to make my address the audience would know I was scared, and that would humiliate me, and I'd bungle the whole affair.

Several ex-Presidents have confessed to me that they have exactly the same feelings. And so, on behalf of the Guild of Rotary Ex-Presidents, I am going to suggest a new activity for the current Club President, wherever he may be: As President, quietly find out which of your members are audience-shy and see what you can do to help them out of it. You will have to go about it in a roundabout way because a bashful man is generally ashamed of it and conceals it to the last ditch. You can often get a confession by saying how much you yourself hate to face an audience. Once you are sure of your man, push him along by easy stages. Have him sit at the head table occasionally so he will get used to looking an audience in the face. Get him to introduce visitors once in a while. Have him make committee reports.

BUT of course we ex-Presidents are only amateurs about such things. Fully half of us are afraid of audiences ourselves. Why not go to the teacher of oratory at the local high school for advice? He will be glad to tell you how a bashful man can be trained not to be bashful.

When I was in business I used to come to New York City a couple of times a year to buy merchandise. If I happened to be in the city over Sunday I went to hear a Unitarian minister who had a church on the upper West Side, near Central Park. Once he was announcing a meeting of the Church Men's Club and he said this: "If our club contrives, during an entire year, to develop one man to the point where he can stand on his feet before an audience and think at the same time, I shall feel the club has just-

fied all the efforts we have put into it."

So we who have served our time believe that a Rotary Club is better when it has a good many members who can face an audience and think at the same time. We would suggest, moreover, that such a Rotary Club might not have to lean so heavily for entertainment on the Eighth Grade boy who plays the violin, or the visiting gentleman who thinks the United States should have a subsidized steamship line to the Fijis.

But we ex-Presidents wish it understood that these are only individual opinions. We are not trying to boss.



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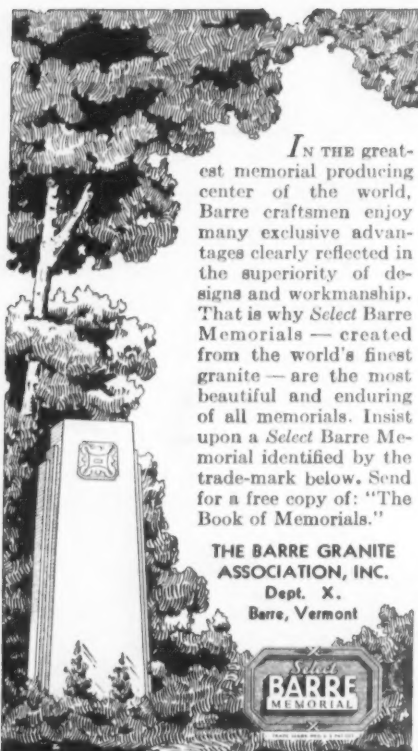
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Should We 'Buy National'? Yes!

[Continued from page 11]

domestic production, whereas foreign nations' exports reached as high as 30 percent of their production. The universal shortage of goods following the World War gave us a splendid opportunity to seek exports reasonably proportionate to our tonnage of imports of raw materials. Our formerly heavy volume of agricultural exports simply decreased in ratio to the increasing self-sufficiency in foodstuffs in various foreign lands, and we had to concentrate on exports of manufactures and semi-manufactures.

Now, in the business recession, certain interests naturally desperate for business say we must have more exports. Certainly, we should have more exports, if we can get them, and if we can get paid. But what we should export, and how much, are the important considerations. We cannot advocate, for example, that in order to sell American automobiles abroad we ought to buy foreign-manufactured automobiles. For the only logical foreign commerce is the exchange of goods and services of one country distinguished by differences in materials and skill, which are actually in demand by another country.

These self-same export interests believe they can get more business abroad by crying that we do not import enough merchandise. Again, the question is what should we import, and how much. These people contend that in addition to the imports of absolute essentials to the sustenance of our production, we ought to import the manufactured wares made abroad of the kind we make ourselves. In other words, specifically expressed, if we import raw silk for our silk goods production, we do not go far enough, according to those who would make us import-minded. We ought, also, to import silk manufactures.

It stands to reason that we must either cut out our imports of raw silk, if we allow silk manufactures to come in and put our silk plants out of business, or we must stop imports of products made from foreign silk.

It is certain that we cannot do both—import raw silk, and, at the same time, invite the competition in finished silk of the nations who furnish us the raw material.

I have very little patience with my friends who will unthinkingly claim that a large volume of export trade is vitally necessary for American economy. They follow that up by the plaint that we cannot have exports unless we have imports,

that the chief obstacle to imports is our tariff. In the light of the fact that our tariff schedules give free entry to nearly 67 percent of our import items, and that foreign nations have resorted to every device known to man not only to buy at home, but arbitrarily to keep out foreign goods, the tariff argument is laughable. The truth is, strange as it may seem, that America is one of the greatest free-traders on earth.

So when Britain spends millions on a "Buy British" campaign, and other nations follow suit; when we import, as we do now, about a billion dollars annually in cheap foreign goods that we do not need; there is no particular need to be exercised over a "Made in America" campaign. It is merely an attempt at return to common sense, if you please, a return to the policy of buying-at-home, which has characterized our economics for years. Why we should suddenly abandon that policy while other industrial nations are imitating it is the alarming thing.

I reemphasize, I see nothing astounding in the spectacle of the buy-at-home movements abroad, that I consider them tending to conform to the actual conditions in international trade, featured by the making of specialties formerly peculiar to certain countries. Genius will still prevail, and new products will constantly form the basis of international exchange. But it does indicate that the march of progress will be on a saner, more intelligent, and more reasonable basis.

FINALLY, I will grant that extreme nationalism based on hysteria or prejudice is not a desirable ideal. On the other hand, if all the world resorted to that philosophy, and Americans remained aloof from it by permitting the world to dump its goods on our market, I submit, we would, indeed, be fools.

Above all controversy, however, is the question of the protection of the American standard of living, so inextricably a part of our foreign trade problem. Next to our liberty, the most precious thing we have is our standard of living, the direct result of that liberty. There is nothing in all the world to compare with the American living standard. For the past 150 years, nowhere on the globe has a more abundant life for the masses been so wonderfully carried out in actual practice as in the United States. I stress the point that once our living standard is lowered by excessive imports of cheap merchandise, it will be most difficult to re-

store it. Every step we take to decrease our living standard means, simply, that we are giving up, also, some measure of our independence. If we lose part of one, we just as surely lose part of the other.

The very worst material effect of our purchases of foreign wares, which displace American, is that they break down the American price structure. The stability of our employment depends on the stability of prices. Foreign articles are often inferior. They are made by labor which works long hours, under harsh conditions, and very often are given rebates or subsidies in one form or another by the governments of the country in which made. When such articles can come and undercut American products, the latter must try to maintain themselves by meeting this competition. The

consequence is, the price of the American article is lowered disproportionately to its actual value, reflecting our high wages, our taxes, and exceptional quality of product. The margin of profit becomes low or disappears altogether, which in turn must cause unemployment and economic distress.

THEREFORE, will subscribe to any movement which approaches the problem of our foreign trade, not by spurious appeals for the boycotting of foreign goods, but for intelligent definitions of our imports and exports. When the American public realizes it has a vital stake in American foreign goods, there is no question but that it will contribute in a constructive way to the protection of its standard of living.

Should We 'Buy National'? No!

[Continued from page 13]

or sterling for the foreign manufacturer.

The normal method of disposing of this credit is by its owner—(1) purchasing goods or services; (2) transferring it to someone else in return for his own currency, who in turn will spend it in your country; (3) or under present conditions demanding gold, if he can get it.

In so far as goods or services are purchased, the credit spent elsewhere in the country in which the foreign goods have been absorbed, provides work for others to the same or perhaps an even greater extent than the work done upon the original article.

Later we will argue the case, Payment in Gold, which is more prevalent today.

Ah! but politicians argue, "We must be independent of foreign imports in case of another war. Our import industries, forced into sickly maturity by a kind of mushroom growth as a result of the last war, must be protected! Our farmers must receive remunerative prices for their crops, and be thereby encouraged to grow a greater proportion of our food. Thus town dwellers will be attracted back to the land, where again they can be sons of the soil."

They forget that the artificial protection of these industries by the erection of overtopping tariff barriers has in itself caused an advance in the cost of living to the farmers and other producers of primary products and made them either furiously discontented, or resigned to an undeserved and thoroughly heartbreaking penury.

Having made a mistake in protecting industry and so raising the cost of living to the primary producer, they now pro-

pose to make a second mistake in artificially raising the price of food to placate the farmer. Illustrative of this is the French attempt to eliminate imports of wheat by subsidizing the farmers.

The French millers are compelled to use 97 percent of home-grown wheat. If they can export this home-grown wheat, either as wheat or as flour, they are supplied with a certificate enabling them to import a corresponding amount of world wheat, such as Canadian wheat, at world prices, which are much below the price at which they purchase their home-grown wheat.

In addition, the mixing of such wheat with the home-grown wheat results in a flour more suitable for bread-making. It is therefore of advantage to the French miller to export flour made from his home-grown wheat at very low, uneconomic prices, in order to be able to import Canadian wheat at world prices.

As a result, within the last two years the price of flour in Paris has been as high as 68 shillings (\$17) at current exchange, whilst in London flour could be purchased at 15 shillings (\$3.75).

It would appear that the inevitable effect of this policy of alternatively compensating the primary producer and the manufacturer is to raise the cost of living and to reduce the standard of life. Carry it out to its logical conclusion and we in England would have to do without Santa Clara Valley prunes at breakfast, and the hardy Scot would retire to his bone-forming oatmeal.

In an attempt to help our farmers in England, we have encouraged them to grow sugar beets, and have subsidized



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them to the extent of 30 million pounds. Even now, though the annual subsidy is reduced, the beet sugar manufacturers are receiving from the Government a sum equal to the market price of sugar per pound, while Jamaica, our main raw sugar producing colony is nearly bankrupt.

It must be admitted that the solvency of our own farmers is more important than the claims of an overseas colony, but at the same time there is something wrong in an agricultural policy which is so unjust in its incidence. The harvests of the world should not be gleaned at the expense of anyone.

As I suggested in an earlier paragraph, the natural methods of receiving payment for exports by accepting goods or services has as a result of this purblind cry for "Buy National" etc., etc., been compulsorily changed to the third method—insistence on payment by the export of gold. Perhaps France and America, to judge by the size of their gold stocks, have been more successful than any other nation in prosecuting this crazy policy to its logical conclusion. There used to be a regular barter between Poole, England, Genoa, Italy, and St. Johns, Newfoundland—the commodities being respectively china clay, pottery, and codfish.

Nowadays a similar exchange may be said to take place between the gold mines in Johannesburg via London to New York for cotton, films, and tinned peaches.

One might ask, wherefore all this expenditure of capital and labor in extracting gold from the African rocks if the only effect is to bury it again in Washington's vaults?

Every country is determined to export as much as it can and, in order to obtain a satisfactory balance of trade, to accept as little as possible in return. If no essential raw commodities are required, tariffs are increased and payment can be made only in gold.

It seems mad stating the facts thus simply: Why should we be better off in England in straining every nerve to export our diminishing supplies of coal and ask for gold in exchange? Or stranger still, lend our customers money with which to pay for coal, money on which they may for a time continue to pay interest! This topsy-turvy negation of Free Trade may be twisted into a method of trading in those countries which are nearly self-supporting. They may well argue that in theory they intend to take in their own washing and let the rest of the world stew in its own sanguinary juice. But the happiness and progress of

mankind cannot in the long run be furthered by hiding one's head in the sand.

America is self-supporting with the exception of antimony, nickel, rubber, tin.

France can fend for herself, if she can do without chrome, cotton, mica, nickel, rubber, tin.

And England, though she grows only half her own food, can with the help of the British Empire, afford a self-satisfied smile. She is completely dependent on other countries only for antimony.

But what about the 110 million potential purchasers of our goods in Germany and Italy?

Germany must have chrome, cotton, mercury, mica, platinum, rubber, tin, and is also short of wool, petroleum, nickel, iron, and copper. Italy cannot exist without a similar extensive list. Their stocks of gold are small. Germany has £6,000,000 (\$30,000,000) and Italy, when last the figures were published, under £2,000,000 (\$10,000,000).

There are in Germany now about 18 different kinds of marks, some of which (compensation marks) are used as a means of subsidizing exports to countries from which Germany has bought goods, for which she pays in marks, instead of in the currency of the exporting country.

What of the Next 25 Years?

[Continued from page 9]

the future without taking into thoughtful consideration just what the last few years have seen in the increased employment of agricultural products in manufacturing. We, for example, are growing soy beans and are using them not only in certain parts of our car, but are also extracting their oil as a medium for paint. I would not be surprised to see synthetic substitutes for some of our metals. We grow much of an automobile now; it is not beyond possibility that eventually we shall grow most or all of it.

Shorter hours and higher wages are inevitable. We cannot escape them. If we go on making things, we must have money to buy them and leisure to use them. These will result from economies, improvements, and refinements of manufacturing methods which in turn result from the incessant labor and creative experience of management. We shall find out that no social advance can be introduced into industry by law; it will come because it is right, and what is right will support itself. We shall have shorter hours because work will be plentiful and production ample, not in order to spread work but to enable men to enjoy and use the things they make.

Refusal to accept payment in such dumped goods results in a forced loan from that country to Germany.

Germany and Italy have complained that they possess no supplies of such raw materials as a nation should command if she is to be classed in the first flight. In answer, I have often heard it said, "What right have they to grouse? They can buy them from us!" Unfortunately, as I have shown, they cannot do so, because we won't accept their goods if we can avoid doing so, and they have insufficient gold.

We have learnt that Free Trade as a policy of one country alone is folly. At the other end of the scale is "Buy National," carried out by means of excessive tariffs, quotas, exchange restrictions, and all the other financial mumbo jumbo. It is not too much to urge that this is a crime against humanity. The appeal is so subtle, the alleged benefits so obvious, but assuredly in the long run it brings an awful retribution on the heads of those nations who practice it to excess.

It is only by the limitation of "Buy National" in our national planning that we excise from the hearts of others the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness which such a dog-in-the-manger policy naturally creates.

As far as competition is concerned, that must continue. But we must learn what competition really is. It is a striving to attain the best. To throttle it would mean to stop all progress. Certain men do not need to compete. They are pioneers. At this very minute, in some lonely spot, or in a small home, some fellow may be working on a device which will revolutionize our entire mode of life.

He is not doing it because of competition, but because there is something in him that drives him to do it. It is his meat and drink—his life. He is one of the world's pioneers. We are never without them. But for the vast majority of people competition, or, at least, emulation, is necessary. This world was built to develop character; and healthy, fair competition is one of the principal agents in bringing this about. But getting a sale by cutting down your employees' wages or the quality of your product, or by lying about your rival is not competition; it's suicide! However, no matter how many new discoveries are made, one thing is certain: they will all come through work, and men will always feel the urge to work, because it is in work that true happiness lies.

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So You'd Be an Explorer!

[Continued from page 19]

ing your fist run your fingernails back-nail over the place of torment. By this method you'll never tear the skin. Yes, it's quite hard at first, but like everything else in life that's worth while, practice will make you perfect. You may even go through a whole year's expeditioning without any serious scratch infection troubles.

But, after all, why be an explorer? There are a number of other things a man can do. "Why not try farming," I always advise the city boys who want to get away from the city. "Why not join the Marines, and see the world in luxury," I advise farm boys who want to get away from it all. Life has apparently become so full of a number of things that four out of five otherwise calm citizens trudge wearily homeward at night and wish they were somewhere else . . . and the stoop-shouldered postman, whom neither rain nor blizzard can keep from going about his routine task, staggers in with more and more mail from people who want a few kind words of advice.

Take Johnny, now. Johnny was fed up with life and wanted to be an explorer. Age 16. That was the age at which, Lord help me, I started sticking my nose into strange places. Maybe I could steer him past the Siren Shoals.

"It's like this, Johnny," I wrote. "Successful explorers, like all other successful men, have to be specialists these days. In order to go on an exploring expedition you have to know *everything* about some one thing, and almost everything about a lot of others. The first question you'll have to ask yourself," I advised, after trying to sink him with the above line of academic hooey, "is what *one* thing do you know *everything* about . . . what one thing are you an expert at?"

Now, that was homely advice, wasn't it? Double aimed, I thought, at pleasing a tearful mother who would like to see Johnny buckle down to his homework and stand at the head of his village class. "You see, son," I could hear her say as he read aloud my note, "you must study hard at school."

But it didn't stop Johnny. A most important letter came from him in the return mail, special delivery, airmail, registered. The answer to my question

whether or not he knew how to do one thing unusually well was certainly, and hastily, *yes!* Somewhere he had read, so he informed me, that I went into the jungle looking for things . . . gold, diamonds, orchids, and other hidden treasures. Well, that was where he came in. "I am an expert at something," he wrote. "I am a good *looker*." Yes, for three summers he had worked for a Virginia historical society. His job was to look in cornfields for old battle relics. He had found more Civil War relics, in old battlefields, he informed me, than any other boy. If he could win a medal for finding battle souvenirs in cornfields, he said, he would certainly be a valuable assistant in helping me look for diamonds in the jungle! The exclamation point, incidentally, is his.

It was a letter to make you smile and a letter, if you've ever remembered being young once yourself, to make you a little sad. And some day if I ever write another book about explorers and exploring, Johnny's going down as the best finger-putter on exploring and explorers I've ever met. An explorer, be he in a laboratory or in a jungle swamp, has one major requirement: He has to be a good *looker*.

Which brings us down to the most important subject of all: What are you going to use for money? Explorers must eat even though it's out of tins.

The old-timers, like Marco Polo, Cortez, Pizzaro, explored for gold, in the shape of Spanish gold, Mexican gold, Alaskan gold, spices, silks, rare gems, rare metals; but the men today who make a profit out of exploration are un-

Photo: © by William LaVarre, Consol. News Features.



Sign language—LaVarre: "1 yard cloth for hen"; Indian: "Three!" So he gives her two yards, as he had intended to from the beginning.



Photo: © by William LaVarre. Consolidated News Features.

Mrs. LaVarre holds her al fresco audience spellbound. . . . After the picture is taken, the candy will be distributed and a score of young friends made.

sung. They are usually written about (when written about at all) as Fortune Hunters.

It's a sheer speculation whether you'll find gold or anything else that you can sell after a year's search in the wilderness. I know a man who is now basking in the comfortable feeling of a nice income from exploring for little fish, so that people who live in Park Avenue penthouses can have the very latest thing in Amazonian guppies. But he's a Russian, and he's been graduated out of a lot of other pursuits which this competitive world has undermined one by one. Even now he writes me that he lives in mounting fear that Park Avenue people will change their minds and want to raise canaries.

And so it goes! No sooner does an explorer find a big deposit of nitrate—enough to keep all his potential grandchildren in notorious wealth—than some “mean” discovers how to manufacture more and better nitrates out of the thin Niagara air; no sooner does some hard-

working explorer discover a 100-mile gold mine of potentially gushing *balata* trees, than some chemist, down in Wilmington, discovers by simply pouring test tube into test tube that he can make something stronger and cheaper to serve the same purpose. How is a poor commercial explorer going to sell a concession for *balata* trees in the face of such competition?

Frankly, I think the clever thing to do is to do our exploring, from now on, in test tubes. More things will be discovered in laboratories in the next ten years than will come out of any natural storehouses. I can't copyright the idea—but anyway the advice will not do much good. The world, as I said in the beginning, is full of men who every now and then get fed up with their civilization and want to go off somewhere far, far away and look at less complex horizons. The bear went over the mountain just to see what he could see . . . and that's just about all the requirement for even the most famous explorer.

'Got a Job, Mister?'

[Continued from page 16]

asking questions. He is wondering if he has a place where he could use you.

“Maybe he decides there isn't. But that doesn't mean he is through with you. You have flattered him by asking for advice rather than for a job, and he will want to do something. If he can't give you a job himself, the chances are he will suggest some firm where you might apply. What firm? It's pretty sure to be one he knows something about. Probably he knows someone there. Thank him for

the suggestion, and ask whom you might see in that firm. The man he names won't be a stranger to him. It will be at least an acquaintance, probably a friend. Ask permission to say that you are calling at his suggestion. Get the idea?”

Henry was gobbling it down.

“All right,” I went on; “now remember this: When you go out of that first man's office, *leave the door open.*”

“Leave it open?” said Henry, illustrating with his mouth.

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"I don't mean literally. I mean, fix it so you can come back again."

"How?"

"Well, suppose you say: 'Mr. —, I appreciate your kindness, and I'll let you know how I come out with Mr. —.' He will consider it a courtesy, as it is. But from your point of view, it is something more. You have made a contact there that you can't afford to lose."

"What do I do at the second place?" asked Henry.

"Follow the same tactics as before. Don't ask for a job. Ask for advice. Say that Mr. — sent you."

Does this scheme work? I won't say that it *always* works. But it nearly always does. Far oftener than "pounding the pavements."

Henry, for example, came back in a week or so to tell me all about it. He had interviewed six different men. Each of the first five sent him on to a friend, like one of these chain letters. The sixth gave him a job.

Pull wires. The above is what I mean by pulling wires. That, and other things. You don't do anything dishonest. Not at all. You don't even lick any boots. You simply make an intelligent attack on your problem, geared to these times. And most employers value intelligence.

You get human nature to work for you, instead of against you. And among the things human nature responds to are flattery and friendship.

Henry Scandrett was once asked how he got to be president of the Milwaukee Railroad.

"My friends put me here," he replied.

EVERY promotion was the result of somebody higher up pulling him up, or somebody lower down boosting him.

There is no reason in the world for not pulling the strings of friendship to get a job, if you can.

A young friend of mine wanted to get a job in the gas company. I didn't know anybody over there. But I gave the lad a letter to the employment manager. Then I looked through our files to see if any of our graduates worked there. I found one, and called him up.

"This is Charley Ward," I said; "you don't know me, I guess. But I have just sent a young fellow over to your employment office with a letter. Before he gets there, I wish you would do something, if you will."

"O. K., if I can; what is it?"

"Call up your employment manager. Or drop in and see him. Tell him that you understand So-and-so"—I gave him

the name—"is coming in. Don't ask him to give the lad a job; but tell him you hope he will give him good attention. Can you do it?"

"Sure as shootin'! Glad to!"

When the lad came in with his letter, he wasn't a nonentity. He was "that fellow that W— upstairs mentioned." He got a job. And they "weren't hiring anybody," either.

You can think up a dozen ways to work this stunt. *You*, I mean—June graduates. But one way is enough if it gets you the job. You're not putting anything over. You're merely winning attention that employers, through being hammered by repeated requests for jobs, are too much dulled nowadays to give—unless you brighten them up somehow. And if you use ingenuity in getting a job, the employer is likely to figure you will use ingenuity in keeping it.

There's a dragon prowling the streets these days, hunting fellows who are hunting jobs. And often it finds them. It's name is *Discouragement*. It has to be fought.

Gordon came into my office the picture of utter dejection. The dragon had got him. It wasn't funny; it was tragic. He didn't have to tell me what had happened. I knew. He had had a good record at school, and had gone out with high hopes.

"Gordon," I said, "you thought you were quite a fellow last June, didn't you?"

He smiled sheepishly. "Yeh, I guess so."

"And what do you think now?"

His lip curled.

"Don't tell me!" I said. "Right now, I wouldn't give a cent for *your* judgment on that subject."

A few employers had turned him down. He wondered what was the matter with them. Some more turned him down; and he began to wonder what was the matter with *himself*. He ended up by thinking he was a total loss.

"I can get hold of 50 men," I said, "who had a high opinion of you last June. If I told them of your experience since then, and asked what they think of you now, do you know what their opinion would be?"

He shrugged.

"I'll tell you. It would be exactly the same as it was then. What you thought you were last June, Gordon, and what they still think you are—that's what you really are. Not the snub-nosed failure that for a moment you think you are. What I want you to do is to write down your honest estimate of yourself as it was



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last June. When the dragon gets after you again, pull the paper out of your pocket and read it. That's the fellow you really are, all the time."

That little talk put Gordon in a frame of mind to look a job in the eye again. What happened to him is quite a story, too long to tell here. But he got his job, and got it soon. That little bit about writing down your estimate of yourselves isn't a bad one, graduates. You might put it down as a fifth rule. Try doing it the day after Commencement.

I have been talking about getting a job. But a lot of the things I have said, and the technique described, apply just as much to getting a *better* job.

One young man came to me one day and told me his troubles. He had a job. But he was in a rut. He wanted to get out and into something better, but didn't have the least idea how to do it. He couldn't afford to throw up his job to look for something else. It looked as if he were tied tight to the treadmill.

"Why don't you dig in the mine you're in?" I asked him.

He didn't understand.

HIS situation, to be a bit more specific, was this. He had lost a fairly good office job. He had a wife and baby, and had felt he had to "take anything"; and "anything" in his case turned out to be manual labor in a steel mill in South Chicago.

"Who's the big boss at your place?" I asked—"the biggest one you know anything about?"

"The general superintendent."

"Have you been in to see him lately?"

"No," he said in surprise. "He's a big shot. Why should *he* want to see me?"

"He probably doesn't. But I gathered you were looking for a better job."

"I am," earnestly.

"Then go and see him."

"But—what shall I say to him?"

"I'll tell you first what *not* to say. Don't complain. And don't ask for a raise."

"What else is there?"

"Advice. Ask for it. Gobs of it. Tell him you find yourself so far down that you can't even see the top or any trail up. Tell him you are ambitious to make the kind of success he has made. Ask him to tell you how it's done."

He went off with a doubtful promise to do it. The sequel is as good as fiction, but it's true. He came back to see me in about two months. His grin was as wide as the Grand Canyon. He said that since he saw me last he had had three promotions. "And believe it or not," he said, "my salary now is more than double

what my wages were back in the mill!"

He told what happened. The superintendent, he said, kept him in his office talking for more than an hour on that first visit.

"Yes," said I; "and before you got back to your department he called your foreman about you. And the foreman said to himself, 'Aha! a friend of the Old Man, eh?' And knowing which side his bread was buttered on, he gave you a boost over the phone. And you were on your way."

That's the way it happened. Remember Puss in Boots, and how he talked up the Marquis of Carabas?

This chap had the stuff to make good in a better job. But that wasn't enough. Folks in the right quarter had to know that he had it.

Don't be choosy. That rule comes last. It's a hot one, too, isn't it? Especially as I have already said, "*Be choosy!*"

They don't jibe, do they? Well, they do.

What I mean is this. Pick your line. Your ideal job. Go looking for it. Get it if you can. If you can't get it, get as near it as you can. But don't refuse a job simply because it isn't just what you want, or doesn't even seem to be very near it. Keep your ideal job in mind after you've got the makeshift, and wangle your way from one to the other. The point is that you've got to get your foot on the ladder *somewhere* before you can begin to climb.

One last word: *Don't believe everything the Commencement orator tells you!*



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Hobbyhorse Hitching Post

Going Ancestor Hunting This Summer?

GENEALOGY, the ancient science of tracing pedigrees, has today become an arresting hobby for millions. Frank Clay Cross, American writer, lecturer, and genealogist, here briskly discusses it. To descendants of American Colonials, trekking this summer to Atlantic City, New Jersey, for Rotary's International Convention, this dissertation will suggest interesting hours in some library having a collection of genealogical records.†



To me, and to thousands of other persons, genealogy is the most absorbing avocation in the world. I've travelled thousands upon thousands of miles, through all the older states of the United States, visiting county courthouses and churches and other places in search of old records which might reveal some new information about the men and women who contributed to my presence in the world. The sight and smell of a musty old will-book makes my backbone tingle with anticipation. I've found ancestors of mine who came to America with the Jamestown Colony, who came in the Mayflower, who served as Colonial governors, as delegates to the Continental Congress, as civil and military officers of importance, in virtually every chapter of American history.

I've found others—just a few—who were

†The following is a list of several libraries in the eastern part of the United States which have extensive genealogical collections. Library hours are shown in parentheses.

Connecticut—Connecticut Historical Society, 624 Main, Hartford. (9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.) Connecticut State Library, 221 Capitol St., Hartford. (9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 12 m.)

District of Columbia—Library of Congress, Washington. (9 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Sundays and holidays, 2 p.m. to 10 p.m.)

Maryland—Maryland Historical Society, 201 W. Monument St., Baltimore. (9 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.) Peabody Institute, 1 E. Mount Vernon Pl., Baltimore. (9 a.m. to 10 p.m. weekdays; Sundays, 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.)

Massachusetts—American Antiquarian Society, Salisbury, Worcester. (9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturdays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.) New England Historic Genealogical Society, 9 Ashburton Pl., Boston. (9 a.m. to 5 p.m.) Massachusetts Historical Society, 1154 Boylston St., Boston. (9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.)

New Jersey—New Jersey Historical Society, 16 W. Park St., Newark. (10 a.m. to 4:45 p.m., weekdays.)

New York—Grosvenor Library, Franklin and Edward Sts., Buffalo. (9 a.m. to 10 p.m., weekdays; Sundays 2 p.m. to 9 p.m.) Long Island Historical Society, 130 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn. (9 a.m. to 12 m.) New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, 122 E. 58th St., New York City. (10 a.m. to 5 p.m., week days.) New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West, New York City. (9 a.m. to 5 p.m.) New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. and Forty-second St., New York City. (9 a.m. to 10 p.m., weekdays; Sundays, 1 p.m. to 10 p.m.) New York State Library, Albany. (9 a.m. to 10 p.m. weekdays.)

Pennsylvania—Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 1300 Locust St., Philadelphia. (9 a.m. to 5 p.m., week days.) Virginia—Virginia Historical Society, 707 E. Franklin St., Richmond. (10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 12 m.) Delaware—Historical Society of Delaware, Old Town Hall, Wilmington. (10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.)

A recent book, "The Art of Ancestor Hunting," by Oscar Frank Stetson (Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vt. \$3.75), may prove useful.

scapegoats, too, and frankly they are as much my pride and joy as the others. One of my choicest ancestors was old William Everton who was fined for chewing tobacco "near a barn without a door." I suspect that Old Bill was mighty careful, thereafter, to ascertain that all nearby barns had doors before he took a "chaw."

Then there was Mrs. Holgrove, of Gloucester, who was presented in court for making reproachful speeches against Mr. Perkins, an officer of the church. Said Mrs. Holgrove, in the words of the record:

"Yf it were not ffor the law she would never come to meeting the Teacher was soe dead and accordingly she did seldome come and withall psuaded Goodwife Vincent to come to her house on the Sabbath day and reade good bookes affirming that the Teacher was ffitter to be a Ladyes chamberman than to be in ye pulpit." What a woman!

More amusing than irritating to me is the popular notion that all descendants, through the male line, of any common ancestor, are bound to carry some family resemblance. This idea has been disclosed to me, time and time again, in my search for my Cross forebears.

I am descended from a certain Nathan Cross who was born, presumably, in Pennsylvania, sometime in the period just after the American Revolution, and who served as a soldier, in the War of 1812, from Portage County, Ohio. He may have been the son of one Nicholas Cross who lived in Greene County, Pennsylvania, but, so far, all my research has produced no further information on his origin.

In my efforts to solve the ancestry of Nathan Cross, I have talked to scores of men who had the Cross surname, and who were descended from at least a dozen different immigrants who founded Cross families in America in Colonial times. Some came from England, some from Ireland, and some from other countries. I apparently look like every one of them, for in every family the descendants have immediately seen my resemblance to the clan. We all have the same chin, or the same mouth, or the same nose, or the same eyes.

Just why anybody should resemble his great-grandfather of the same surname more than he resembles any one of his seven other great grandparents, is pretty much a mystery to me; but apparently faces must be inherited in the same manner as family names. Plenty of people seem to think that they are.

Many persons who bear the same surname as someone who played an important rôle in early American history, but who don't know the names of their own great-grandfathers, are certain they descended from that illustrious gentleman. Their conviction amuses me. Virtually all of the Fullers, whose ancestry runs back into early New England, for example, seem to be descended from old Dr. Samuel of the Mayflower. There were 23 other immigrants by the name of Fuller who came to New England before 1700, but apparently none of them have descendants now living.

Perhaps all the popular misinformation about



genealogy makes it only the more interesting. I suspect that any recreation might get a bit stuffy without a bit of irritation to put spice in it now and then. What would bridge be without an occasional scrap?

On one point most genealogists will brook no skepticism. It is the matter of descent from royalty. The fact is that most people who come of British ancestry can trace their pedigrees back to royal lines. You really need no more than an elementary knowledge of arithmetic to prove it. Every man has two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents. The number doubles, theoretically, in every generation as you trace back. Now, Alfred the Great died somewhat more than one thousand years ago. If you allow three generations per century, that means that 31 of them have intervened between him and his present-day descendants. How many forefathers would you have had in his day if the number had doubled in each generation? Figure it out. The number, you will discover, is well above one billion.



Of course you had no such number, for the entire population of the world was less than one billion at that time. Your ancestral lines overlapped. You might find, for example, that some fertile yeoman, of three or four centuries ago, was your forefather in as many as three or four different lines. Nevertheless,

however you consider the figures, they present strong evidence that you are probably descended, if you have British blood, from virtually every man on the Isles who fathered children during King Alfred's reign. Why not admit the likelihood that he was one of them?

A thorough genealogist is just as much a scientist as any historian. He works from old wills, deeds, birth and baptismal records—documents that would stand in any court of law. He may sometimes speculate, but if he does he bases his conclusions on sound circumstantial evidence, and then offers them for exactly what they are.

Genealogy is the prince of hobbies, in my opinion. You don't have to be able to travel, you don't even have to live near a genealogical library in order to follow it. I've made some of my biggest discoveries by correspondence. Letters to distant relatives, letters to county clerks, letters to correspondents who have been located in a dozen different ways, have added some of the choicest specimens which now repose in my collection of some 5,000 ancestors.

There are thousands of men who need hobbies today. They need some way to spend the spare time which has been forced on so many of them in recent years. I recommend that they investigate the pleasures of genealogy.

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THIRD WEEK (JUNE)—Nationalism in Economics and Its International Consequences (International Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—

Should We "Buy National"? (debate-of-the-month). Yes! by Francis P. Garvan. No! by Sir Charles A. Mander, Bart. This issue, pages 10 and 12.

A Manufacturer Looks at Commerce. Walter A. Olen. This issue, page 30.

What of the Gold Standard? (symposium). F. H. Fentener van Vlissingen, C. H. Douglas, E. W. Kemmerer. Apr., 1935.

Social Credit? (debate). Yes by C. H. Douglas. No by H. Parker Willis and Benjamin H. Beckhart. Jan., 1936.

Still the World's Great Illusion. Sir Norman Angell. June, 1934.

Other Magazines—

Where Nationalism Languishes. L. Roberts. *Christian Science Monitor Weekly Magazine*, Jan. 29, 1936.

How Britain Does It. H. B. Elliston. *Atlantic*, Jan., Feb., 1936.

Economic Nationalism. A. Feiler. *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, July, 1935.

Attitude Toward Foreign Countries. Fortune Survey. *Fortune*, Oct., 1935.

Other and Finer Disciplines. R. H. Miller. *Christian Century*, Aug. 21, 1935.

Peace and Abundance. O. Williams. *Forum*, Oct., 1935.

Whither Are We Drifting. E. J. Urwick. *Canadian Forum*, July, 1935.

Can Empires Endure? *Scholastic*, Oct. 12, 1935.

Towards World Unity. Sir Evelyn Wrench. *Service in Life and Work*, Spring, 1936.

Pamphlets and Papers—

Coöperation or Chaos (1936). Free. **The Farmer's Stake in World Peace** (Oct., 1935). Free. Both from The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. 405 West 117th St., New York, N. Y.

The Population Problem and World Depression. (U.S.A., Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Soviet Union, Japan, India.) 32 pages. 25 cents. **Made in U.S.A.** 40 pages. 35 cents. Both from the Foreign Policy Association. 8 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Raw Materials, Population Pressure and War. By Sir Norman Angell. 48 pages. 35 cents. **Foreign Trade and the Worker's Job** (from the U.S.A. point of view). 40 pages. 10 cents. **War and Depression.** 35 pages. 25 cents. **America Must Act.** By Francis B. Sayre. 80 pages. 35 cents. All from World Peace Foundation. 8 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

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Aims and Objects Plan (editorial). Dec., 1932.

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Give Me Liberty. Rose Wilder Lane. Longmans Green and Co., N. Y., 50 cents.

Patriotism Prepaid. Lewis J. Gorin, Jr., J. P. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, \$1.00.

FOURTH WEEK (JUNE)—Accomplishments of the Boys' Work Committee (Community Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—

"Got a Job, Mister?" Charles A. Ward. This issue, page 14.

So You'd Be an Explorer! William LaVarre. This issue, page 17.

B. B. R.—Of, By, and For Boys. Webb Waldron. April, 1936.

Boys Don't Want to Be Criminals. J. Montgomery. Dec., 1935.

Building Better Boyhood. Angus Mitchell. Aug., 1935.

Head, Heart, Hands, and Health. P. Dougherty. Sept., 1935.

Japan's First Rotary Camp. S. Saito. June, 1935.

Ahoy There, Sailor! G. Bergstrom. July, 1935.

Youth Goes to Bat. James Shutts. July, 1935.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International—
Suggestions for Program on "Accomplishments of the Boys Work Committee," No. 689.

FIRST WEEK (JULY)—Getting Under Way (Club Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—

Once I Was President. Jesse Rainsford Sprague. This issue, page 20.

Leadership's Hour (editorial). July, 1935.

Lo! The Poor President. Edgar Doudna. July, 1931.

Where Organization Fails. Edward Gordon Craig. This issue, page 25.

SECOND WEEK (JULY)—The Aims and Objects Plan (Club Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—

Once I Was President. Jesse Rainsford Sprague. This issue, page 20.

Rotary's Four Lane Highway. Chesley R. Perry. Feb., 1933.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International—
The Aims and Objects Plan. No. 208.

THIRD WEEK (JULY)—Rotary as a Force in the Creation of International Friendships (International Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—

On Forging a Will to Peace. Gurchurn Singh. This issue, page 5.

A Convention Preview. Alfred H. McKeown. This issue, page 22. (Note: A full story of the Atlantic City Convention will appear in the July issue.)

Paul Harris' South American Trip. This issue, page 27.

A Welcome to the Olympics. Dr. Theodore Lewald. This issue, page 31.

Rotary Works for the Future. Paul Bailod. Feb., 1936.

Compassion . . . Courage . . . Dr. Leopold Procházka. Apr., 1936.

A Spanish View of Rotary. C. Lana Sarate. May, 1936.

Home-Town International Service. W. D. Head. Oct., 1935.

Let's Mobilize Friendship. J. Nelson. Feb., 1935.

Goodwill at Washington (editorial). Apr., 1935.

Play Bridges National Frontiers. Frank Chapin Bray. July, 1934.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International—
Rotary and Radio, No. 738; **Hands Across Boundary Lines**, No. 737; **England and Georgia Exchange Visitors**, No. 772.

Other Suggestions for Club Programs

THE FUTURE OF INDUSTRY (Vocational Service)

A Club Program based on the article:

What of the Next 25 Years. Henry Ford, as told to S. J. Woolf. This issue, page 6.
1. SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENT.

From THE ROTARIAN—

A Steel Damascus Knew Not. Harrison E. Howe. Apr., 1936.

Stratosphere—Super Highway of the Air. Jean Piccard. Feb., 1934.

Do We Need Birth Control for New Ideas? (symposium). Sir Josiah Stamp. Charles F. Kettering. Apr., 1934.

Men, Machines, Progress. Walter D. Head. Apr., 1934.

Other Magazines—

Progress in this Age of Science. L. H. Brown. *Scientific American*. Oct., 1935.

Seeing the Future: tour of the laboratories. *Business Week*. Nov., 2, 1935.

2. DECENTRALIZATION OF INDUSTRY.

From THE ROTARIAN—

Juts on the Social Skyline. Ralph W. Sockman. May, 1936.

Green Trees and City Streets. Marshall Johnson. Mar., 1936.

Skyscrapers Doomed? Yes! by Frank Lloyd Wright, **No!** by V. G. Iden. Mar., 1936.

Other Magazines—

Decentralization Trends in Factory Employment. *Monthly Labor Review*. Nov., 1935.

3. IMPACT OF THE MACHINE ON SOCIETY.

From THE ROTARIAN—

The Goal Is Plenty for All. Harold G. Moulton. Dec., 1935.

Railroads: Government Ownership? (debate). **Yes!** by B. K. Wheeler, **No!** by S. O. Dunn. June, 1935.

You and Those You Hire. Norman Hapgood. Nov., 1935.

Can We Reduce Drudgery? M. B. Gerbel. Apr., 1935.

Social Needs and Lagging Science. Julian Huxley. Oct., 1935.

Other Magazines—

What Industry Wants from the University. E. Whitney. *Occupations*. May, 1936.

Things I've Been Thinking About. Henry Ford. *American Mercury*. Feb., 1936.

Industrial Self Government: first phase. *Business Week*. Jan. 15, 1935.

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Progress Toward Collectivism. A. J. Nock. *American Mercury*. Feb., 1936.

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Index of Advertisers JUNE . 1936

	PAGE		PAGE
A-1 Composition Company	52	International Business Machines Corp.	43
Advertising Pencil Company	52	Lafayette Hotel	46
Ambassador Hotel	52	Lauterer, George, Co.	56
Autopoint Company	56	Lennox Hotel	48
Barnes-Crosby Company	46	Lewis Hotel Training Schools	53
Barre Granite Association, The, Inc.	44	Miller Jewelry Co., The	51
Bismarck Hotel	50	Nahigian Brothers, Inc.	51
Bismarck Hotel Flower Shop	53	National Iris Gardens	56
Bradley Washfountain Co.	42	National Railways of Mexico	51
Brighton Hotel	46	National Reference Library	56
Cash's	53	New York State Bureau of State Publicity	1
Chester-Bridgeport Ferry	54	"Old Glory" Manufacturing Co.	55
Colonial Hotel	54	Pilquist, G. E.	52
Commodore Hotel	53	Remington Rand Inc.	53
Cook, Thos., & Son-Wagons Lits Inc.	45	Russell-Hampton Company, Inc., The	55
Culver Military Academy	44	Seaside Hotel	46
Cunard White Star, Ltd.	2	Service in Life and Work	45
Dexter, F. Theodore	52	Sherman Hotel	44
Do/More Chair Company	49	Shuman, Frank G., Co., The	55
Foreign Affairs Forum	54	Stewart Iron Works Co., The	56
GK Corporation, The	55	Virginia State Comm. on Conservation and Development	41
Granliden Hotel	54	Wefferling, Berry, Wallraff Co., Inc.	43
Great Oak Kennels	52	Wilson, H. W., Co.	55
Hawaii Tourist Bureau 4th Cov.		Wilson Sporting Goods Co. 2nd Cov.	
Heinn Company, The	47		
Hughes Teachers' Agency	56		
Inn, The, at Buck Hill Falls, Pa. 3rd Cov.			

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Photo: (5) Margaret Bourke-White

Left to Right: Contributors Mander, Garvan, Ward, Sprague, Woolf.

Chats on Contributors

UP all the world's hills and down all its dales on the twirling hub caps of 23 million motor cars has sped the name of Ford. Of no one may "he needs no introduction" be more properly said than of **Henry Ford** who here gives thought to the question *What of the Next 25 Years?* It is mere routine to say that Mr. Ford's name is synonymous the world over with mass production methods, but one does well to remember also that Mr. Ford is a mortal who finds pleasure in playing his fiddle, tinkering with his music boxes, in restoring old cities to their Victorian loveliness, in living simply and prudently . . . **S. J. Woolf**, who sketches and interviews Mr. Ford, is a native New Yorker, an illustrator for many quality publications, and the author and illustrator of several books, among them, *Drawn from Life*.

"I must have been an explorer when I was ten years old," says **William LaVarre**, who currently presents *So You'd Be an Explorer!* ". . . I used to trap polecats on a Virginia farm and sell their skins for \$3.72 each." From polecats to jungle cats was a natural, if long, leap for Explorer LaVarre, but ever since his return from the Amazonian jungles in 1914 with 500 carats of diamonds his expeditions have been news—news of a vast South American "Kimberly," of great rubber fields, of acres of orchids, and of rare museum specimens. Mr. LaVarre is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and his treasures and trophies lie under glass in many of the famous museums of natural history in the United States. Petite and comely Mrs. LaVarre is a comrade on her husband's adventures . . . **Francis P. Garvan**, who presents the affirmative brief on *Should We "Buy National"?* the debate-of-the-month, is president of the Chemical Foundation, Inc., New York City. Yale, New York Law School, and Fordham gave him most of his formal education in law. He has been, among other things, assistant Attorney General of the United States and dean of the Fordham Law School . . . **Sir Charles A. Mander, Bart.**, who carries the negative argument, is managing director of Mander Brothers, Ltd., English varnish manufacturers, was mayor of Wolverhampton three years ago, and is a Past President of Rotary International: Association for Great Britain and Ireland. He will address a session of Rotary's International Convention at Atlantic City, N. J.

Charles W. Ward, "Got a Job, Mister?" knows whereof he speaks when his subject is youth and jobs. As student loan officer of Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., he gives sympathetic audience to countless student woes each week—and then he does something to disperse the woes. Back near the turn of the century, he captained a famed Northwestern football team. He was Governor of Rotary's 40th District nine years ago . . . One thing has led to another in **Jesse Rainsford Sprague's** life. A journeyman

jeweler in his youth, he travelled through the western part of the United States, bought a jewelry store in San Antonio, Tex., where, in 1918, he joined Rotary. As editor of the Club's weekly bulletin he wrote biographies of 150 of the members, was inspired to try "big time" journalism, submitting a manuscript to the *Saturday Evening Post*. It was accepted. From that point on, he has been a journalist, having won national note as a biographer, fiction writer, and commentator. He is now at work on an 85,000 word novel in New York City. To this issue he contributes *Once I Was President*.

You'll find **Alfred H. McKeown**, *A Convention Preview*, up in the front office of the



W. A. Olen

which he was President three years ago . . . **Walter A. Olen**, *A Manufacturer Looks at Commerce*, is president of the Four Wheel Drive Auto Company of Clintonville, Wis. On company business he has travelled 1,300,000 miles, addressing scores of Rotary Clubs and other organizations on the way. He writes frequently for leading engineering and automotive journals . . . **Gurchurn Singh**, *On Forging a Will to Peace*, is a rubber planter of Penang, Straits Settlements, where he is a member of the Rotary Club.

Edward Gordon Craig, *Where Organization Fails*, is an English actor and author whose writings on the art of the theater are as beautiful as they are analytical. His first appearances on the stage were made under Henry Irving in the Lyceum theater in London. But that was back in 1889. Today his biographies on famous people of the stage bring him note, *On Ellen Terry—the Actress and Mother* among them. Mr. Craig lives in Genoa, Italy . . . **Frank Clay Cross**, who writes on the science of genealogy in this month's *Hobbyhorse Hitching Post*, lives in Denver, Colo. Educated in Kansas and Colorado, he has been a college instructor in the latter state for many years. *American Mercury*, *Forum*, and other journals have published his writings. He is president of the Colorado Genealogical Society . . . **Dr. Theodore Lewald**, *A Welcome to the Olympics*, is a German economist and statesman. He has held many offices in the Government, and is now president of the board of administration of the Germanic Museum at Nuremberg and historical commissioner of the Reich archives.

